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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

WILLIAM MACDONALD, ARTHUR WARNER, ASSOCIATE EDITORS, FREDA KIRCHWEY, ARTHUR GLEASON

CARL VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

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WHO was Queen of the May this year? Why A. Mitchell Palmer without a doubt. His name was on everybody's lips because of his solemn pronouncement that our leading officials and citizens were to be murdered on May Day and the Red Revolution proclaimed. Many innocent policemen and soldiers were deprived of their sleep, or a half-holiday, in consequence—and not a thing happened. That will not, of course, worry Mr. Palmer. He saved the country again. It's as plain as the nose on your face that, if he had not tipped the Reds off that he was aware of their plans, they would have blithely burst their bombs. The publicity he gave the plans killed them. It's a great game for the Attorney General, because it is heads I win, tails you lose. If there had been bombs he would have said: "See what a prophet I am." So he keeps his name on the first pages, once more inflates a perishing presidential boom, and again makes America to tremble. For all of Mr. Palmer's zeal, on this May Day the "Anarchist Soviets" and the Communist Labor Party circulated printed matter in New York and Chicago *ad lib*, despite all the thousands of Palmer sleuths. It will also realize that the cry of "wolf" can be overdone. But just now Mr. Palmer is beyond question the heroine of May Day and deserves all the daisy crowns. No one will, however, bestow any pansies upon him, we trust, since they are for thoughts, and real thoughts and Mr. Palmer do not seem to get on together.

MAY Day passed in France as May Days do—a few score police went to the hospitals to have their heads bandaged, a few score manifestants had their wounds nursed at home, and a few innocent bystanders were killed. The army, as usual, refused to ride down the populace, but the police, as usual, used their sabers. Two extremist deputies, as usual, were wounded by the police, and became martyrs overnight. One of them was Paul Vaillant-Couturier, the 28-year-old deputy who won every medal the French Government could give during the war, then turned pacifist, and who is now threatened with trial for inciting the new army recruits to mutiny. Far more important than these incidents of a gala day is the strike for nationalization of the fundamental industries of the country. The issue has been forced by the railwaymen. The compromising conservatism of their leaders in the February strike led the railwaymen to make a clean sweep in April, and the new officers, avowed revolutionaries but untried as leaders, immediately called a general strike to force "nationalization" of the railways. Nationalization, in French labor terminology, means control of an industry by the workers who work in it. The miners, dockers, and seamen, who advocate nationalization of their industries, have been called out in support of the railwaymen. This is not likely to be the final coup; it is important as a preliminary test of strength. The Associated Press reports that on its first day the railway strike crippled four of the five big railway systems and caused the fifth to shut down, while the port of Marseilles was tied up completely.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* telegraphed last Sunday:

> Until today government officials have been disposed to cooperate with the labor unions and the railroad executives in a conspiracy of silence in an effort to minimize the seriousness of the situation. Reports received at the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Railroad Administration, and other departments, from Buffalo and other centers, forced the admission not only that the strikers in many cases are still refusing to return to work but that the strike in some quarters is actually spreading.

How much longer will the people tolerate these perpetual deceptions by their Government, either by conspiracies of silence or conspiracies to frighten or conspiracies to misrepresent. Certainly, the practice is becoming more and more flagrant. Every shipper in the East has known that the strike was not over, despite the jubilant assertions of the press that volunteer strike breakers had ended it and of the Federal Reserve Board that the strike had "collapsed" because it was without a sustaining public opinion. As a matter of fact, freight traffic in the East is paralyzed. In this same dispatch the *Tribune* reports that the leaders of the Brotherhoods are growing impatient for a decision by the Federal Railway Labor Board on the wage increase demands filed before it and assert that unless the Board

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grants the demands the regular unions themselves will have to call a strike. Meanwhile, the public is being deliberately buncoed by this holy alliance of the Government, the Brotherhoods, and the press.

WHEN the Attorney General announces that someone is planning assassinations for May 1 we are supposed to be troubled with gooseflesh, but when a killing actually took place, on April 21, we turned the page telling of it and went on to the baseball scores. The facts would ordinarily have seemed startling enough. A body of citizens, the leader of whom was reported to have said, "Butte needed some more killings and hangings," fired a volley into a crowd of men, killing one outright and wounding fifteen others, four of them perhaps fatally. How was the news of this assault written so as not to wound our sensibilities? It is not difficult to guess. The leader of the assassins, in the first place, was a secretary of John D. Ryan, of the Anaconda Copper Company. In the second place, the men shot were strikers. And when we add that the strikers were members of the I. W. W., the story is finished. The public is accustomed to the idea that men are not entitled to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness if they challenge the right of property in so brash a fashion. It may be true, as the Associated Press dispatch stated, that the victims had, in picketing the mines, used threats against men going to work, although the Federated Press denied it. As usual in such cases, however, the only casualties are on the side of the strikers. Law and order are thus vindicated in the usual way against the savage Reds.

THE Republican Party is trying to write its platform this year by the collective mind. Will Hays and his National Executive Committee have taken on an annex called the Advisory Committee on Policies and Platform. This eager group of reconstructors will be lauded or dropped, according as they produce a synthetic program which will appeal to Senator Penrose, the final platform committee at Chicago, and the unbribable delegates. The Advisory Committee has sent out a series of questionnaires on affairs to a large mailing list. From the answers, it is culling a common denominator of the American mind. Lively interest centers in the document on "Industrial Relations and the Problems of Capital and Labor." This is a tricky year in politics, and there is just the tiny chance that labor, instead of splitting up and exercising little influence, might bolt in a body. At the same time the 100 per cent business man must not be terrified. So the questions run: Can good-will be secured by welfare work, profit sharing, the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, incorporation of trade unions and employers' organizations, restricting lock-outs and strikes by law, sickness and unemployment insurance, employment exchanges, the six-day week and the eight-hour day, minimum-wage boards?

PROPHECY about the Republican platform is safe and easy. Compulsory arbitration and the use of the injunction will not be denounced. A full recognition to trade unions will not be given. Devices, such as profit sharing will be advanced with single-hearted enthusiasm. Causes of unrest will not be dealt with. More production will be urged as the panacea, regardless of the fundamentals in production. The Department of Labor has told us that a million houses are needed. But production is busy with factories for luxuries. The conception of an industry as a unit—instead of warring camps—for the creation of goods for use and necessity, run on democratic representation, affording a good life to all its workers—this vision will not descend upon the assembled delegates in the Chicago Auditorium, nor incorporate itself in a document like "Labor and the New Social Order." The wisdom of Penrose will prevail in the end.

THE New Jersey and Ohio primaries resulted in a further setback for General Wood, even though he just carried the one and obtained ten delegates in the other. For it is not thus that a Napoleon of politics sweeps on to victory. His managers poured money into New Jersey. They announced that they were going to have a clean sweep and that Johnson would not be in the race—and they carried the State by less than thirteen hundred over the man who had little money and still less organization, in whom none of the professional politicians were interested. Whatever the outcome in Indiana, California, and Oregon, Johnson has now proved that many people are turning to him; that they believe him to be one opposed to prevailing tendencies in Washington, who knows what he thinks and lets everybody see where he stands. It is generally believed now that it will be impossible to nominate him, Wood, or Lowden—but we are not so sure about Johnson. Those who are saying this are the ones who said, first that Johnson's opposition to the treaty would have no results, and next that he would be disavowed by the people whenever they got a chance. If he is not nominated he may still have a controlling voice as to the man to be chosen. Already he has made it clear that a man who runs on a straight-out platform against the treaty and the League of Nations can make tremendous headway, provided the people also think him independent and uncontrolled. If it comes to the nomination of a dark horse, it will be worth while watching Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, as well as the Governor of that State, because the Senator, too, has fought the treaty in its every aspect.

THE Holyoke National Bank has shown one way in which some houses can be built. This bank makes a construction loan to any approved builder for any family in Holyoke and the neighboring towns which has had $1,000 on deposit in its savings department for the preceding six months. After the house is completed, the bank will make an effort to obtain for the owner a savings bank loan for 50 per cent of the actual cost of house and lot. The difference between the savings bank loan and the cost of the property, less the amount of the owner's money used, the bank carries at 6 per cent interest. While building, $1,000 of the depositor's money is taken to buy the lot and start the house. The bank provides $4,000 to complete the house. When completed, the loan will stand as $2,500 in the savings bank loan, $1,000 of depositor's money, and $1,500 to be paid the Holyoke National Bank at 6 per cent interest in weekly or monthly payments. The bank is applying half a million dollars for the purpose. Within a few weeks, in March of this year, 31 homes were being built under this plan, every house lot being large enough for a garden. Thus this Holyoke bank is using a portion of its funds for the necessities of its own community, instead of using them for "high grade securities," financing Wall Street, and inflating commercial enterprises.

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CONFRONTED in Easter week with the choice of catastrophe or permeation, a section of British labor made the characteristic British decision of a non-committal next step. The Independent Labor Party voted itself out of the Second International, because the society of Branting, Vandervelde, and Henderson had grown too tame for the young bloods of Britain's Left. But the party refused to vote itself into the Moscow Bolshevik Third International. Instead, it steered the justly famous middle course. It voted for an inquiry into the Third International, a consultation, and then a special I. L. P. conference on the basis of the facts obtained. The liveliest description is that credited to Ramsay Macdonald:

> Moscow is an attractive jade with whom we should like to jazz, but she is wild and she may kick our shins. Let us pass a resolution that we have an intention to kiss her, and break off our engagement with the demure and domesticated Geneva, but at the same time let us cautiously provide that some inquiries may be made as to whether the attractive wild jade who stirs our blood is, or is not, as bad as she is represented.

The debate brought out that the Northampton bootmaker with a family is as yet unwilling to disarm the bourgeoisie and arm the proletariat. He is not yet desirous of manning the barricade. But he would like a better world more rapidly than the wise old men are creating it. The I. L. P. numbers about 50,000 convinced Socialists. Its importance is that its membership has spread into nearly every trade council, local labor party, and factory in the land. And this group keeps thought simmering among the rather stodgy five millions of trade unionists. What the I. L. P. thinks, the Labor Party is likely to be thinking one year later.

WE have been asked by many of our readers to denounce the French policy of garrisoning their black troops in Germany. It is certainly a bad practice, one savoring of the bitterest spirit of revenge and is, moreover, a gross injustice to the colored troops themselves which colored people everywhere ought to resent. While we by no means believe all of the horrible stories that are coming out as to the conduct of these men toward German women—stories that are exaggerated in the telling precisely like the falsehoods about the cutting off of the hands of Belgian children in 1914 and 1915—the truth is bad enough. Thus, it is established that the German occupied towns are compelled to maintain brothels of white women for these colored troops. At Saarbruecken, the cost of the brothels to the town is not less than seventy thousand marks. One mayor has resigned rather than do what was asked of him and another has been threatened with court-martial if the negro troops were not promptly supplied with German women and girls. Unsubstantiated are the stories of the disappearance of many young girls and of suicides of many women of good social position; but it is safe to say that these allegations are creating the bitterest desire for revenge among the Germans. Mr. E. D. Morel, writing in the London *Daily Herald*, thinks it is part of a deliberate policy to degrade Germany, and he cites a British officer as saying recently: "Were I a German I would forgive everything—but this never."

WE repeat that the use of these colored troops, torn from their native surroundings and injected into a foreign civilization, is a gross wrong to them. It is also a grave injury to the French people themselves. The present rulers of France have discovered that these helpless black men make it easy for them to maintain a large army not only for use against the Germans but for use against the French working people. So, *since* the armistice, conscription has been clapped on in Madagascar and Senegal. When some of these Senegalese troops were moved into the suburbs of Paris in preparation for May Day of last year, there was such an outcry from the Parisians that they were taken away. But Foch and Millerand have arranged for the drilling in France, or Germany, of the annual levies of these unfortunate colored recruits, who are thus made the victims of militarism without having a voice in the matter. We do not deny that the German militarists would be doing the same thing if the situation were reversed. But what we should like to hear is a protest against the quartering of any troops in the occupied territory, for these terrible sexual problems and wrongs inevitably arise whether the garrisons be white or black. It is part of the whole abominable system of war, and it ought to be made impossible. It is time that all the garrisons were withdrawn from the occupied territories; the Allies have in economic measures sufficient weapons to enforce their treaty, so far as it can be enforced, and their troops would probably be withdrawn if it were not that the Germans have to pay for their board and lodging.

IT used to be the war of steel and gold. It is rapidly becoming the war of oil. Add to oil, plantations and mines, and one has the reason why Mexico is regarded as rich pickings. To the sub-committee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, John Lind has appeared and told the truth as he sees it. Mr. Lind went to Mexico some years ago as the personal representative of the President. He told the Committee:

> American citizens going into Mexico should abide by the laws and not call on our Government frivolously and cause annoyance by protesting against actions that are not violent. Most of the Americans in Mexico City thought Huerta ought to be recognized. Those who had oil interests, or had the misfortune to buy tropical plantations, wanted intervention. They wanted Uncle Sam, as they put it, to come down and clean up the country to protect their investments. I saw American-owned plantations where peons were herded by guards armed with revolvers, sawed-off shot-guns, and blacksnake whips. They were slaves to all intents and purposes. I came to the conclusion that it is impossible for Americans to operate tropical estates without these conditions, and that it was a very great misfortune that they ever became involved in them. It only begets strife, ill-feeling, and revolution. Whatever happens, I should look upon intervention as most unfortunate for the Mexican people.

The historic method, sanctified by French, German, and British success in tropical countries of rich resources, is to emphasize internal disorder, the peril to investments, the insults to foreigners; to intervene benevolently on behalf of order and justice, and to annex the territory for the sake of its inhabitants and the cause of democracy. Subject peoples become a sacred burden, exploitable raw materials a public trust, and great possessions great responsibilities. Nothing can prevail against the sure working of this machinery—which begins with business and ends in a casualty list—but organized effort against intervention. *Ex tempore* sentiment at the crisis will be trampled and hooted, after "the printing machine has woven the mind of this country as literally as one may weave wool."

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Labor Condemns the Press

THE week before last saw the annual gathering in New York of our leading newspaper-makers for the meetings of the Associated Press and of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. So far as may be judged from the reports, the usual self-satisfaction of these conventions has been marred only by the pressing paper question. Even that, so the editor of one daily informs us, can be obviated, for, "if newspapers stand together, strong and weak linked in one purpose, the power and profit of the past, great as both have been, will seem small in comparison with what is to come." The present crisis is "sweeping away newspaper profits with the winter's snow"; if there be no union of purpose, then, declares this prophet, "no pessimist has painted the future darkly enough for all newspapers, rich or poor." Doubtless true. Yet, so far as one could gather, no speaker referred to a happening unparalleled in the history of American journalism which had occurred but the week before—the revelation that hundreds of thousands of Americans, engaged in what they considered a vital battle for their rights, refused to have anything to do with the press which has so long prided itself upon being the bulwark of American liberties.

We refer, of course, to the so-called "outlaw" strike of the railroad men. "Skunks" was the term universally applied by the strikers to the reporters, and there was no stone left unturned to keep them in ignorance of what was going on. The procedure was set forth by Mr. Soule in *The Nation* of April 24. But the reason for it was not merely the desire to keep the Attorney-General and his raiders in the dark; it was the first collective expression we have had of the nation-wide discontent with the press. It would seem as if so alarming a portent should have concerned the assembled editors quite as much as the paper famine and the rising costs. We very much fear that they were as unable to understand it, or to estimate its significance, as they were to fathom the purposes and meaning of the strike itself. As to that, the editor of one metropolitan daily wrote that "this apparently wanton assault on decency and order remains a total mystery. It came almost like lightning out of a clear sky. It has spread in some secret, ununderstood way, like influenza or some other virulent disease. It has apparently no leaders, no representatives; if it has an organization, it is afraid or ashamed to show it in the open. The whole movement seems to be as furtive as it is unscrupulous." It never occurred to the sapient editor who wrote those lines that the strikers preferred the public to remain in ignorance rather than that the press should totally misrepresent their real aims. So they kept the news-gathering hosts beyond their gates. Even that did not prevent much of the familiar misrepresentation. But at least notice was served that one great, loyal group of native Americans, aggregating hundreds of thousands, has set down the press as a chief enemy to their kind.

Upon the reporters this may have dawned; upon the editors and owners it has made little or no impression. The members of the Associated Press welcomed at their meeting the representative of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, whose own employees compelled it to print in its own columns the following characterization of its methods:

> Day after day we have put in type, stereotyped, printed, and mailed calumny after calumny, lie after lie, insult after insult. . . . We have even meekly witnessed your unfair and reprehensible campaign of falsehood and ruin result in the suppression of the last medium of honest expression for our cause in Seattle, not only denying our brothers the means of livelihood, but denying us a far greater boon—the American right of a free press.

There is no grievance committee in our Fourth Estate; no group which concerns itself with raising ethical standards and requiring adhesion to them; no body of professional sentiment to express a journalistic public opinion; no institute of journalists to warn the profession that year by year it loses and does not gain ground. For whatever the trade statistics may show as to increasing circulations and the present unprecedented volume of advertising, the truth is that the newspaper more and more forfeits public respect. The captains of industry whose system it upholds sneer at it in private. They know that it is false and that it is to be influenced; in clubs and at dinner-tables, as well as in lodge rooms and union meetings, it is the universal custom to denounce the press. Yet it continues on the same course because its managers are blindly certain that however they fail in their real duty to the public, they are producing the one indispensable product of the types.

Fortunately, there are most interesting signs that the conspiracy of silence within the profession itself is nearing an end. At least, we have discovered one most remarkable bit of frank speaking. Writing in the *Editor and Publisher*, one of those trade journals for newspaper men which usually never criticize any newspaper or admit any professional shortcomings, Mr. Charles Grant Miller, lately editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, has set on paper these plain truths:

> Every edition of every newspaper is tinctured with lies, and every sensible editor knows it and at heart is sick about it. He cannot see how he can help it.
>
> For five years there has been a world-wide famine in facts. Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about anything of grave public interest, seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth. The date line is no longer any sign of the real source of news. Assertion is little indication of the truth. The news of Russia, the Balkans, the Bosphorus, and Central Europe mostly originates in London or is trimmed to London's shifting interests; tidings of conditions in England, France, and Italy are carefully strained through the foreign loan centers of Wall Street; and where all the rest of the worldful of interested if not interesting misinformation comes from the Lord only knows.
>
> "The evils of war come after the war," said Salmon P. Chase. "It leaves an army of cripples, an army of thieves, and an army of prostitutes." Our army of thieves, plundering and profiteering with devilish boldness and activity, have neglected no seductions or expense to make of our newspapers an army of prostitutes.

This, we submit, sounds perilously like turning state's evidence. The truth is that the press of the country sold its prestige and degraded its conscience in yielding to Government propaganda, in abandoning throughout the war its critical faculty, in freely taking part in the deliberate deception of the American public. Not even the press can transgress the moral laws without paying a price for it. It may ignore if it pleases the action of the railroad strikers and call them wild radicals, outlaws, and any other name. Their action, none the less, represents a solemn vote of a large body of honest American workingmen.

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Trafficking With the Enemy in 1917

THE NATION publishes in its International Relations Section this week the Prince Sixtus documents, revealing the history of the secret negotiations carried on in 1917 between the Emperor of Austria and the President of France through the intermediary of a Bourbon prince, an officer in the Belgian army, who in the middle of the war traveled freely to and fro between Paris, London, and Vienna.

Prince Sixtus, and Prince Xavier, who seems to have accompanied his brother chiefly to give an air of family business to the travels, left the Belgian front in January, 1917, and met their mother and one of their sisters—Empress Zita of Austria was another sister—in Switzerland. Their mother informed them that the Emperor Charles desired to open secret peace negotiations with the Allies. The two princes returned to Paris, dined with the secretary-general of the French Foreign Office, and then returned to Switzerland, bearing an outline of Allied terms. There they met the personal envoy of the Austrian emperor, Count Erdoedy, who presented a memorandum prepared by Count Czernin, with addenda in the Emperor's handwriting. On their return to Paris, the French President received them at his home, thanked the princes for communicating with the enemy, and again outlined the Allied terms. This time the princes did not stop in Switzerland but slipped through to Vienna, meeting their brother-in-law, the Emperor, at his castle at Laxenburg. Again they returned to Paris; again they were received by the French President, and by the British Prime Minister, Lloyd George, as well. They made a second trip to Vienna, interviewed the Emperor once more, and returning, had long conversations with the French President and Prime Minister, and with Mr. Lloyd George, who took them to see King George. Then the princes dropped diplomacy and returned to the Belgian front.

The negotiations failed. Austria was ready to make a separate peace, supporting France's claims on the left bank of the Rhine, giving Albania to Serbia and the Trentino to Italy, but peace did not come for another year and a half, and another two million youth were shot down on the battlefields. They died, not, as they believed, to make a world safe for democracy or to defend their native soil, but because the old men who governed Europe on both sides of the trenches were cold and callous, without warm-blooded consciousness of the human significance of their hesitations and bargainings. The young Austrian Emperor and the Bourbon Prince, despite their primary interest in the maintenance of the monarchical principle, appear favorably in contrast to the timid and hesitant Count Czernin, the casual Lloyd George, the grasping Sonnino, Jules Cambon—whose "only fear" was that the people behind the lines would tire of the war and insist upon ending it—and that sinister old man, Alexander Ribot, who in the course of his five terms as Prime Minister and his eleven terms in various cabinet positions, has possibly done more to injure France than any Frenchman since Napoleon.

Poincaré and Ribot insisted upon the swollen Alsace-Lorraine of 1814 and the neutralization of the entire left bank of the Rhine. The Austrian Emperor was willing to support their claim then, and France, what with the Saar valley regime, has it now—much good that it has done her! The Italian claims were the real stumbling-block. Poincaré cunningly meditated that Italy had promised to declare war on April 26 and that she had not declared war until May 23, and that therefore France was not held by her bond to Italy. Ribot felt honor-bound to the letter of France's extravagant pledges to Italy and Rumania, no matter how many men might die meanwhile. They all offered parts of Germany which they had not won as compensation for the sacrifices asked of Austria. Lloyd George gloated that with America's aid the war could go on indefinitely. Sonnino wanted to appear before the Italian Parliament "with full hands," while Cadorna and the Italian King, fearful of revolution, were negotiating with the enemy unknown to their Prime Minister. Whenever they had no better excuse, they all blamed it on the people. Sonnino feared revolution if he did not annex the east coast of the Adriatic; Cadorna feared revolution if he fought on, and was content with the Trentino; Jules Cambon, later one of the five French delegates at the Peace Conference, agreed with Prince Sixtus that it was impolitic to dethrone Constantine of Greece because they would then lose the chance to repay themselves and their friends with slices of Greece—but, he said, public opinion demanded Constantine's head. As if the French people, every day receiving the little blue messages that meant a brother or a husband killed in battle, cared a fig about a street riot in the Piræus and a king in Athens! And when the Russian revolution came, these infinitely little men actually put their heads together to save the Czar —"France's oldest friend"—and dreaded the revision of their peace terms made necessary when Russia relinquished her claim to Constantinople.

What a dirty mess of sordid bargaining it all was! There was not even honor among thieves. Lloyd George faithfully promised not to tell his fellow ministers about the negotiations; Poincaré told only his prime ministers; none of them trusted the Italians enough to do more than hint that they had a channel for conversations, while it apparently did not even occur to them to impart the news to President Wilson. Meanwhile one of the Entente Powers was secretly dealing with Bulgaria; the Italians were promising to support Turkey at Constantinople; Lloyd George had an agent in Switzerland dealing with Count Mensdorff of Austria; Prince Lvov was sending envoys across the lines begging for peace; and, before summer came, Ribot had his own agent, Count Armand, in Switzerland. Meanwhile in all the Allied countries statesmen were professing that they would never shake hands with an enemy, and denouncing the "defeatists" and the socialists who wanted to meet fellow-socialists in neutral countries. "Communication with the enemy," "intelligence with the enemy," sent common men to jail. Poincaré and Lloyd George, behind the scenes, calmly discussed the advisability of a "horizontal alliance" with Austria.

The Sixtus documents are fragmentary in places, and they are only one chapter in the long story of dishonor. Slowly but surely the facts leak out, sabotaging the memory of wartime idealism as the diplomats sabotaged that idealism during the war. But memory is short. There is no evidence of a change of heart among diplomats, and the old men still plot death and starvation for the generations to come.

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An International University

THAT international republic of learning which somehow managed to sustain itself, with varying fortunes, from the days of the medieval universities till the war, though the war shattered it, is beginning to reassemble its shards. The International Research Council continues its existence and its organization, to perform in peace something like the same large services it performed in war. The American Council of Learned Societies Devoted to Humanistic Studies has been organized for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Union Academique Internationale, itself lately formed in Europe to draw together the scholars of all nations in joint tasks and mutual assistance. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has established in New York the Institute of International Education as a clearing house for the colleges and universities of the world. And now the Union des Associations Internationales proposes no less an undertaking than an international university, at Brussels, to be a symbol of the comity among lovers and seekers of learning, a sort of apex of academies.

The vision summoned by such a hope is beguiling. At storied, trampled, but now rehabilitated Brussels there will congregate, according to the plan, the chosen students of every land who can find in no existing university the instruction or the atmosphere of a world center dedicated to the study and practice of internationalism. The international university will not attempt to duplicate established curriculums but rather to supplement them. At first, at least, it is to be the child of a federation of universities instead of the rival of any of them, and it is to draw upon their riches both of money and of men. Here all the cultures of the world can be expounded by the most competent authorities, lent for a period by some older university or state, or attracted permanently by the prestige of the international university. Besides these general functions the university will have the special function of instructing the world in the constitution and problems of the League of Nations.

At this point criticism feels like pricking up its ears. The prospectus of the new university assumes that the League of Nations is an accomplished and final fact, with a value at about the par of its protestations. Somewhere near the salt at the table of the League will sit its scholars. We are not quite sure whether the university is meant to be Aristotle to Alexander, in this instance, or gleeman to liege lord, or merely professor to Prussian. Distinctions are important. During the war we had the humiliation of observing that nationalism raged among the universities in much the same proportion and with much the same violence as elsewhere. But in this new proposal there are no signs that anyone remembers or feels guilty. To all appearances the proponents believe that what is necessary is merely to start with the old methods and the old material and there will follow a new universe. It cannot be done. The moving current of the world, the revolution now going on in the world's economic life, the vast shift of loyalties and allegiances must be taken account of. There is no evidence that the council which planned the new university knows any more about the new day they talk of than did the Big Four at Paris. And of course this is tragic, for an international university soundly based could be incalculably influential and beneficent.

Behind the "Want Ad"

THE why and wherefore of the housing shortage is set forth by experts and inexperts in the news columns of the daily papers, but for the human and personal side, give us the "want ads." Whereas in other days the advertising was done almost entirely by those who had houses, apartments, or rooms to offer, there are now long lists of pleas from those who seek a place to lay their heads.

If you could secure just the sort of tenant you wanted, would you sublet your two-room, bath, and kitchenette apartment until October for $75? A young married couple would like to rent it from June; best of references.

Think of it; to be young and a couple and married in the month of June! As if that were not enough in life! Yet these two cannot envisage it without a place to hang their frying pans and their spring hats. And there are many others in the same predicament, for presently we read:

"When a Fellow Needs a Friend." Can Washington young couple find real home-apartment, house or rooms, furnished or unfurnished, Grand Central commutation, at reasonable rental? Help us out, stating particulars and price.

Could any real estate agent resist that appeal? It would seem not; yet personal experience convinces us that resistance is something in which real estate agents register close to 100 per cent. One passes, therefore, to the next call for help:

Gentleman will pay about $12 weekly for good-sized room, front preferred, and plain breakfast, with strictly small private family *with children*, modest circumstances. Phone, ground floor, or one flight up.

With children? What can be the idea of this gentleman? Is he really so fond of children that he yearns to take a chance with those of any stranger? Or is it that he seeks to ingratiate himself in the heart of some fond parent who otherwise would never consent to let a room? One suspects the motives of the gentleman, although one is prejudiced in his favor by the fact that he does not describe himself as "refined." Careful study of the other advertisements reveals an almost unanimous tendency on the part of any gentleman, lady, or couple seeking or offering rooms to assay himself, herself, or themselves as "refined"; when not "refined" they are "congenial." Likewise one learns that apartments are prevailingly "elegant," "spacious," or "beautiful"; in lieu of which they are "cozy." Poverty, dirt, and misery are swept out of every city by an enchanter's wand in the advertising columns; every neighborhood becomes "exclusive," or at least "desirable." One notes, too, that couples are explicit in describing themselves, in spite of the fact that advertising is charged for by the word. To qualify as a "married couple" seems to be almost *de rigueur*, but the code of "want ad" morality tolerates also the merely "business couple." Housekeeping one finds invariably described as "light," although no housekeeper ever found any that was such. The "want ads" have developed their own vocabulary, with special insistence on keeping up the façade of life.

But let us continue our search through the columns. Down at the end, almost, we are rewarded by finding this:

"Author wants very quiet room to write in; no children in or around house."

O author, how we envy you your illusions! That "quiet room" and those "no children in or around house" is what all your craft has sought since Adam (having carelessly for-

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gotten to insist on a lease) was evicted as an undesirable tenant from that first Garden. And though every scrivener has sought, none has found this abode—unless at the end of his career in a mausoleum. The world's literature has mostly been written between the calls of bill collectors and during the moments when the children happened not to be crying. But if ever you do find that "quiet room," O author, we beseech the boon of using it when you are out at lunch or supper. We, too, have work we crave to do in a "quiet room" without interruption. We, too—but, pardon us, the telephone is ringing.

Education from Albany

FOR several reasons the legislative breakdown in Albany this year is of moment to the entire country, and not only because of the blow at representative government struck when the Socialists were ousted from their seats. This denial of the fundamental American right to seek reform through the ballot is the most ominous happening of all the political events of this period of reaction. Yet it is but a phase of what has been happening in Albany. Once more we have the total failure of the Legislature to respond to the will of the people; we have again seen a set of puppets controlled by their bosses, doing, for the most part, precisely as they were told. In a period of such deep political unrest, when people the world over are challenging the usefulness of political legislatures, it is extremely enlightening to have such an example of misgovernment.

The session just ended has done a great deal in the way of political education. Masses of women have learned what a well-lubricated machine can do to a program of legislation for the welfare of women and children. Citizens everywhere have learned what "reconstruction" means to those who control the State of New York, and how the traditions of liberty and representative government are cherished by those sworn to support them. A cynic is born in New York nearly every minute these days, and the value of such virtues as reason and patience is being dangerously questioned as well as the thesis that political action pays. For almost all the worth-while measures presented to the Legislature were defeated—many dying a death by asphyxiation in committee. Governor Smith's legislative program was smothered by the majority. His proposals for extending to four years the term of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and introducing an executive budget were entirely rejected. His plan of consolidating the State departments and centralizing authority was mutilated beyond recognition. The social welfare bills, including the measures to establish an eight-hour day and a minimum wage for women and minors, were passed by the Senate and defeated in the Assembly. On the other hand, almost all the vicious measures introduced were adopted, in addition to a few of lesser consequence and some value. The Lusk measures to end freedom of education passed, as well as the bills denying to the Socialist Party political recognition—to bar its candidates from the official ballot and its members from public appointments. A measure was passed creating a State secret service, unhampered and uncontrolled, in the Attorney-General's office to seek out and prosecute "criminal anarchy" and "sedition." The lengthy report of the Judiciary Committee opposing the seating of the Socialists is to be published and distributed, though the proceedings and testimony upon which the report was based are not.

What is to be the outcome? Will the people restore to office discredited candidates of the old party organizations? Will they look around for the "good man" to put into office and attempt to replace the Sweets and Lusks with more deserving Republicans? Must they make the everlasting choice between two evils? Will they throw out the Republicans in the hope that a Democratic machine may grind more gently the bones of their political aspirations? Or have the people acquired a different vision? The indications are that some of them have. The League of Women Voters in its effort to secure the enactment of the various welfare measures in the session of 1919 found in Speaker Sweet a steady opponent. Failing to push through their bills, the women turned their efforts to preventing his reelection. His campaign was supported by Mark A. Daly, lobbyist for the Associated Manufacturers and Merchants. Senator Lusk was also at the front in this battle for liberty. In a speech supporting Mr. Sweet's reelection to the Assembly, Mr. Lusk inquired: "Why are these women backing the welfare measures? Not to benefit any class of people. They lie if they say so. It is all part of the German propaganda to break down the United States Government."

Speaker Sweet was reelected; Senator Lusk was on hand to keep the upper house in order; Mr. Daly and his newly-organized League for Americanism were everywhere—and all the welfare bills were defeated. That the women are now out of patience is indicated by the statement made by Miss Rose Schneiderman of the Women's Trade Union League and supported by Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip and other officers of the New York State League of Women Voters, and by Mrs. Pollak, president of the National League of Women Workers. The 75,000 trade union women of New York, says Miss Schneiderman, will no longer "dilly-dally around trying to have bills passed by a reactionary Legislature controlled by Speaker Sweet and the manufacturing elements of the State. . . . Labor has come to realize that it cannot expect any relief through legislation. Since the Legislature has persistently refused to pass these measures, which the working women of the State have been demanding for six years, the time has come to rely entirely on trade unionism in forcing the eight-hour day and the minimum wage inside the factory itself."

In addition to this significant shifting of effort from the legislative to the economic field, it is probable that a general working-class political movement will be born out of the disillusionment of the last year. Workers will turn from empty promises of the old parties to programs and candidates of their own. The Labor Party should gain adherents, and the Socialist Party, too, through its persecution.

There is, of course, the danger that cynicism will follow disillusion and discourage action. Not only are radicals likely to turn from all varieties of political action to an American form of political nihilism, but honest folk of liberal persuasion will be tempted to abandon all concern with public questions, all hope of electing men who will serve their interests. A widespread public apathy is likely to follow such a year. Certain factors, however, seem to be conspiring to keep the people politically alert. Prices and rents continue to rise; production decreases; the atmosphere of normality is generally lacking. Even 2.75 per cent beer is not likely to make for political stability under present conditions. It is probable that the passing of the Lusk bills has provided more education than it has throttled.

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The Coming Crisis in France

By ROBERT DELL

London, April 7

HOW right Anatole France was in saying that a "war for ideals" is worse than a war of conquest! In a war of conquest the belligerents count the cost. They have made war for a concrete object which, in their opinion, is worth so many men and so much money; if, and when, they find that the object cannot be obtained without an excessive expenditure of men and money, they stop. But when people are fighting, or believe themselves to be fighting, for abstractions which they can never attain—such as "right," "justice," "permanent peace," the "destruction of militarism," and so on—when they have convinced themselves that, in the grotesque language of Mr. Balfour, the war is a struggle "between Heaven and Hell," no consideration of the cost will make them stop, especially if they are above military age or of the feminine sex. In the late war only the Governments of the Central Empires retained some sense of realities and more than once tried to make peace. The Allied Governments might have been equally reasonable, had they not been the victims of the monster of public opinion which their own propaganda had created. Their peoples lost all sense of realities in a frenzy of patriotic fanaticism and a blind hatred of Germany, and insisted on victory at any cost. It became a crime to reason. The blind following of the herd became the ideal of human conduct, and our patterns were the Gadarean swine, who were united as one pig in rushing down a steep place into the sea.

Alone of all the Allied peoples, the French hesitated three times on the brink of the abyss. Each time their friends and allies gave them a push forward. The third time, when they were on the point of finally drawing back, America gave them the final push and sent them over the precipice. Peace would have been made in the Spring of 1917 but for American intervention. So much more harm is done in the world by well-intentioned ignorance or stupidity than by wickedness. The American people did not know; how should it? Like the other peoples, it was the victim of propaganda, perhaps the most efficient system of organized lying that the world has ever known.

One of the crimes recorded against myself in the archives of the military censors was that of having said in an article sent to America that France would be bled white by the war. Yet I was only quoting a remark made in a moment of temporary sanity by Jean Herbette in the *Echo de Paris!* None, in Europe at any rate, now denies that France has been bled white by the war. Nobody has a greater responsibility for the present situation of his country than Clemenceau, unless it be Raymond Poincaré. And Clemenceau has publicly declared that the victory—his victory—is a Pyrrhic one for France. Again, on December 23, last, when he was still Prime Minister of France, he said in a speech in the Chamber of Deputies: "We have spent thousands of millions. Have they been utterly wasted? I do not know in the least. We must wait several years to find out. We are not masters of events." There is something sinister in the levity of old age. Clemenceau was, alas, master of events when he said to a visitor on the day when the news of American intervention reached Paris that he intended to come into power and that henceforth there would be no question of peace on any terms until Germany was completely crushed. He was not, however, master of events when, on the visitor remarking that even one more year of war would add at least thirty billion francs to the French national debt, he replied that America would have to pay.

If the fact that France is bled white is now universally admitted, the belief that a social upheaval is impending is becoming more and more general in France itself. The other day an influential French business man, concerned in the direction of several important companies, expressed the opinion that the upheaval would come within six months, and that the sooner it came the better. For, he said, France was like a person with a serious malady which dragged on without coming to a crisis and, if the crisis were delayed much longer, the patient would be too weak to survive it. Business men do not share the illusion of the press that revolutions are made by agitators and can be averted by repression of "Bolshevist" propaganda. They know that revolutions are made by political and economic conditions.

The war has produced an economic situation that everybody recognizes as desperate. M. Marsal, Minister of Finance, told the Finance Committee of the Senate at the end of March that the solution of the financial problem was a matter of life or death. The depreciation of the forced paper currency is one symptom of the collapse of the national credit. It is the general opinion that it will continue; both in Paris and in London many financiers expect the sovereign to go to 75 francs. An even more significant symptom of the loss of national credit is the failure of the recent French loan. The Government said in advance that it would not be a success unless it produced forty billion francs. It has produced fifteen billion francs at the most, and of this amount only about 40 per cent is in cash, the rest having been subscribed in war bonds (Bons de la Défense Nationale). Thus, while the floating debt is reduced by about nine billion francs, the cash subscription amounts to not much more than one-fifth of the deficit on this year's budget. Mr. Lloyd George had promised M. Klotz, the former Finance Minister, that a French loan should be floated on the London market in March, if possible. The loan had to be abandoned, for it was found quite impossible to float one in the state of French credit. M. Marsal told the Chamber on March 29 that there was no hope of floating a French loan on the English or American market. The failure of the recent loan in France is all the more significant since its conditions were so favorable to the investor as to be ruinous to the state, which undertook to repay 150 francs for every 100 francs subscribed. The Italian five per cent loan, issued at 87.50 with no premium, has produced more than the French, although the national fortune of Italy before the war was estimated to be little more than one-third of that of France. As *L'Oeuvre* remarked on March 31, nothing demonstrates more clearly the failure of the French loan than the fact that between February 18, the day on which the subscription opened, and March 25, five days after it closed, the state borrowed an additional 500 million francs from the Bank of France.

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The collapse of French national credit is not surprising. The national debt, which, at the beginning of the war, stood at twenty-seven billion francs in round figures, had increased at the end of last year to at least 250 billion francs. It was officially estimated at 206 billion, but in this total the debt to foreign countries still stood at the normal pre-war rate of exchange and was valued at thirty-three billion francs, whereas its value on March 25th was eighty-five billion. Of the total debt at the end of 1919 much less than half—ninety-six billion francs in round figures—was consolidated. The huge floating debt included loans amounting to twenty-six billion francs from the Banks of France and Algeria, represented by paper money, and war bonds to the amount of about fifty billion francs. The war bonds are repayable three, six, or twelve months after issue and the great majority are issued for the shortest term. They are more and more used for making payments and the Reporter of the Budget has described them as "bank notes bearing interest." When they are used for payments, the recipients almost always present them for repayment at maturity instead of renewing them, and M. Marsal told the Chamber on March 29 that bonds to the value of about four and one-half billion francs had already been so presented this year.

This alarming situation is to some extent the inevitable consequence of the long war—the price of a victory that has done far more injury to France than the defeat of 1871. But it has been aggravated by the insane financial policy of every successive Government since the beginning of the war. On the one hand the national expenditure has risen steadily every year since August, 1914; on the other hand no effort has been made to increase the national revenue in the same or anything like the same proportion. The only method by which enormous sums of money can possibly be raised is the method that has been adopted in England, in America, and in Italy—that of imposing a heavy income tax, especially on large incomes. To this the wealthy classes in France have obstinately refused to consent, and, as no Government is more completely under the control of the capitalist classes than that of France, no Government has dared to defy them. There is now an income tax, but its rate is absurdly low; it is neither properly enforced nor properly collected, and it yielded last year only about 250 million francs, whereas the income tax in Great Britain yielded £359,000,000. In the same way the excess-profits tax, which yielded in Great Britain last year £290,000,000, produced a trivial sum in France, because people were allowed to evade it as they evade the income tax. It has to be said that, had a French Government called on the rich to pay during the war, they would immediately have demanded peace at any price. It was possible to continue the war only by humoring every class of the population. Even indirect taxation was not greatly increased during the war.

The consequence was that only a very small proportion of the expenditure during the war was raised by taxation and all the rest was borrowed. The taxation barely met the normal expenditure of the country, and all the cost of the war remains to be paid. Even the interest on the loans was not paid out of taxation, nor any considerable fraction of it. And the greater part of the money borrowed was borrowed at short term; by far the greater part of the addition to the national debt caused by the war is floating debt. M. Klotz introduced the desperate expedient of resorting to a reckless issue of forced paper currency to meet expenditure; it has been continued ever since and still continues. From August 1, 1914, to the end of 1918 the national expenditure was 147 billion francs, of which only 15.5 per cent was raised by taxation. Of the remainder 37.6 per cent was raised by loans at long term (consolidated debt) and 46.9 per cent by loans at short term, paper money, etc. In 1919, 20.6 per cent of the expenditure was raised by taxation, but of the deficit only 11 per cent was added to the consolidated debt and 68.3 per cent to the floating debt. From the beginning of the war to the end of 1919 the proportion of the national expenditure raised by taxation was 16.6 per cent; 26.9 per cent is represented by consolidated debt, and 56.5 per cent by floating debt. During the same period England raised 35 per cent of her expenditure by taxation, and Italy—a far poorer country than France—30 per cent.

This year it is proposed to raise about 35 per cent of the expenditure by taxation but, as was the case last year, nearly all the new taxation proposed is indirect. Indirect taxation in France is already carried to straining point. It is one of the causes of the appallingly high prices, which are making it difficult for persons with small incomes to live at all. According to a return published by the British Food Ministry, the increase of food prices in March over those of July, 1914, was 133 per cent in Great Britain; 190 per cent in Paris, and 201 per cent in other French towns. Twenty-five francs in Paris now go no further than eight shillings in London in buying food. People that live at all well have to spend twenty-five francs a day per head on food alone. A family of four persons living very simply, never eating meat more than once a day, and generally exercising the most severe economy, must spend 250 francs a week on food. Salaries and wages have not risen in anything like the same proportion as prices; for instance, the wages of a railway porter in the Paris district are 110 francs a week. One of the principal new taxes now proposed is a tax on the turnover of all wholesale and retail traders, except bakers, which is estimated to yield about 4,200 million francs. Like the "luxury tax," which it replaces, its yield will probably be disappointing; in any case it will seriously hamper trade and will fall on the wretched consumer in the form of still higher prices. Although the financial situation is desperate and there is no longer any question of obtaining support for the continuance of the war, the Government still refuses to tap the only fruitful sources of revenue; it will do anything rather than tax the *rentier*—the owner of unearned income. And the *rentier* class, with the whole social order crumbling under its feet, still obstinately refuses to be taxed. Last January, when the present Government came into power, that typical organ of the *grande bourgeoisie*, the *Temps*, actually proposed the abolition of the income tax, small as it is. Avarice carried to such lengths becomes insanity. Ordinary good sense and enlightened self-interest would prompt the wealthy classes to accept a heavy income tax, and even a levy on capital, rather than risk an upheaval in which they may lose everything. Unless they do that, the national debt must go on mounting until it becomes so intolerable a burden that the country will repudiate it. That will hardly be to the advantage of the capitalist classes.

While no effort is made to raise an adequate revenue by taxation, the national expenditure goes on increasing and is now actually higher than during the war. It has steadily increased since the armistice. M. Marsal told the Chamber on March 29 that during the first five months of the war the expenditure was forty-one million francs a day; in 1915 it was sixty-three million francs a day; in 1916, eighty-two

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millions; in 1917, 104 millions; in 1918, 127 millions; and in 1919 it rose to 130 million francs a day. This year it is still higher than last year. The total expenditure for 1920 is estimated at 50,519 million francs, without including the repayment of war bonds and other loans at short term at home and abroad that fall due this year. The greater part of the loans from foreign countries are repayable this year; among them is the debt of $250,000,000 to America, which will fall due next October and was worth 3,600 million francs on March 25. No provision at all has been made for finding all this money, which will presumably have to be borrowed again. The revenue of existing taxation is estimated at eleven billion francs and the proposed new taxes are estimated to yield between six and seven billion francs. It is estimated that about three billion francs will be obtained by the sale of stocks, so that there will be a deficit for the year of more than twenty-nine billion francs to be added to the national debt, which at the end of 1920 will be approaching 300 billion francs. Of this deficit M. Marsal hopes that the recent loan, war bonds, and paper money will provide twenty-one billions; for the remaining eight billions he has made no provision.

Of this enormous expenditure a great part is, of course, unavoidable, such as the interest and sinking fund of the national debt, the restoration of the devastated region, pensions to disabled soldiers and the families of the killed, and so on. But a very considerable proportion is avoidable and ought to be avoided. Part of it is the result of indirect taxation, which has been carried so far that it increases the expenditure as much or almost as much as the revenue. Its effect in raising prices and dislocating trade compels the state, in order to prevent discontent from becoming acute, to raise the salaries and wages of its officials and employees, to increase pensions and allowances, to give new allowances in many cases to supplement wages, and to grant subventions to companies injured by fiscal measures. The system is a vicious circle, and a resort to direct taxation would benefit the exchequer by much more than the normal increase in revenue.

But it is in military expenditure that the greatest reduction could and should be made. In the second year after the armistice France is spending on the army nearly three times as much as the whole national expenditure before the war. This is the result of aggressive militarism and vainglorious imperialism. With the country on the verge of national bankruptcy the General Staff dreams of a French hegemony in Europe and Marshal Foch aspires to emulate Napoleon. Although the French colonial empire was larger before the war than France could conveniently manage, and so badly administered that nearly all the colonies were run at a loss, it has now been increased. Syria is in revolt against French domination, like Egypt against British, and, if France wants to keep the country, she will have to conquer it. It will be another Morocco. Then there is the occupation of German territory, which the French militarists want to extend. All these grandiose schemes make an enormous army essential. The period of compulsory military service is still three years and the General Staff will not hear of its reduction to less than two. So, after the "war to end war" all young Frenchmen are to be taken from production for two at least of the best years of their lives, although the adult male population is now insufficient to insure adequate production for the country. Moreover conscription has been imposed on the African colonies for the purpose of raising a huge slave army for use in Europe. From 150,000 to 200,000 half-savage troops are to be brought to Europe every year for their training. It will probably take place in the occupied German territory, where French black troops are already used in certain districts, with the result that outrages are frequent and women are afraid to stir out of doors after dusk. Such are some of the schemes of the French militarists, whose tool M. Millerand is. One of their consequences was that in the first ten months of last year France imported more munitions both in quantity and value than in the first ten months of 1918, when the war was at its worst.

Is it surprising that the repudiation of the national debt is spoken of in French financial and business circles as a possibility in the near future and that revolution is believed to be imminent? There is no hope of any payment from Germany, at any rate for years to come. One of the English representatives at the Peace Conference is said to have remarked to Clemenceau: "You must choose between vengeance and an indemnity; you cannot have both." Clemenceau chose vengeance. The peace treaty has ruined Germany economically, and with her the whole of Central Europe and France into the bargain. One of the greatest follies from the French point of view was the suppression of the German mercantile marine, which has given England and America a monopoly of the carrying trade and destroyed a competition that would have kept down freights. For France, for a long time to come, must import between thirty and forty million quintals of wheat and four-fifths of her sugar, to say nothing of other things. At least two million Frenchmen have been killed or permanently disabled in the war and the loss falls mainly on the rural districts, for the gaps in towns are being filled by immigrants from the country. The consequence is that much land is being badly cultivated or going out of cultivation altogether and agricultural production is about half what it was before the war. A further consequence is a steady rise in the prices of all agricultural produce. The value of French food imports for the first two months of this year was, in round figures, 1,192 million francs and that of food exports sixty-eight million francs; the imports were larger by ninety-nine million francs than in January and February of last year, and the exports smaller by ninety-eight millions.

Millerand's only remedies for the discontent and unrest inevitably produced by such conditions as these are measures of repression. He is proposing to make strikes illegal and establish compulsory arbitration, to take the police out of the hands of the municipalities and make it a national force, to increase the gendarmerie, to forbid Government employees to join trade unions, and so on. Such measures will only precipitate the crisis. What chance the proposal to make strikes illegal has of success was shown in the railway strike last February, when nine-tenths of the railwaymen called under the colors disobeyed the mobilization order. An attempt to enforce arbitration would lead to a general strike. The French people is rapidly becoming desperate.

Nobody can help France so long as she has her present rulers and the present policy continues. A foreign loan would be poured into the bottomless pit of military expenditure or used to relieve the rich of the small amount of taxation that they now pay. History does sometimes repeat itself, for the blind folly of the bulk of the French bourgeoisie today resembles nothing so much as the attitude of the noblesse on the eve of the Revolution.

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The People Win in Detroit

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

WHEN nearly sixty-four per cent of Detroit's voting citizens marked their ballots on April 5 for a city-owned traction system, they won two notable victories. They not only triumphed in a bitter, 25-year fight for municipal ownership, but they defeated the organized public utility interests of the United States after those interests had fought the passage of the municipal ownership ordinance with an intensity, a profligacy of expenditure, and an unscrupulousness possibly never equaled in the history of an American city.

Detroit's victory is a national event. In the six weeks preceding the election, the city was the battleground for the nation in a test of strength between organized privilege and the public weal. Under the leadership of a fighting mayor, and with the aid of a fighting newspaper, the public won. The day after election steam shovels began excavating for a municipal system which will consist of 163 miles of new track, plus 55 miles of additional track on which the private company's franchises have run out. The private company will remain for a time, but only on the expectation that the voters will be ready to take it over in 1924, when its last important franchises expire. After that date, it is expected, all the surface lines in the city will be operated as a unified municipal system.

The reason Detroit has proceeded toward complete municipal ownership by approval of a competing system is part of the story of its long fight to regain control of its own streets from a private monopoly. And back of this long and ardent desire is "the public be damned" policy of the private company. It was this cause that led Mayor Pingree to sow the first municipal ownership seed in 1895, when the three private companies, later joined as the Detroit United Railways, had already so mistreated and mulcted the public that the seed found ready soil. Pingree was balked in his ambition. The Supreme Court declared municipal ownership unconstitutional after Pingree had captured the governorship to achieve his plan. But the sentiment he had planted was a hardy enough growth to kill the company's efforts to get franchise extensions in 1906, 1907, and again in 1912, even with offers of eight and ten tickets for a quarter.

Meanwhile the city's great growth had rendered increased service imperative. The State Constitution finally was changed to permit municipal ownership. Therefore, when the city administration of 1913 asked the voters if it was by municipal ownership that they wished to obtain better service, they answered with an emphatically affirmative vote of eighty per cent and an amendment went into the charter instructing the city officials to acquire a municipal traction system at once, either by purchase or construction. But the heritage of hatred which the private company had built up made acquisition of a municipal system by purchase impossible. "We will not buy the D. U. R.'s old junk at the D. U. R.'s price or at any price," the voters said. By strong negative votes they rejected the first proposition in 1915, to get the system by condemnation, and the second in 1919, to buy it for $31,500,000, for which the company had agreed to sell.

The plan devised by Mayor Couzens, therefore, was the only alternative left. The company had agreed to the two previous purchase plans, but, manifestly, with little fear they would be approved. But this plan meant fight—and the company lost no time in getting its heaviest propaganda guns on the battle line. To its aid came the propaganda bureau of the organized public utility monopolies of the country, expert through year-in-and-year-out activities in fighting municipal ownership both in theory and practice. Victory for the city probably meant more to the interests supporting this bureau than it did to the Detroit United Railways, which has a highly profitable interurban system as well as monopolies in several up-State cities to fall back on when it is finally ousted from Detroit. The vote in Detroit means the success of the municipal ownership principle in the fourth largest city in the nation. To estimate the money spent is to strain credulity. Mayor Couzens has placed the amount at $400,000 to $500,000.

The argument that the issuance of $15,000,000 in bonds for the municipal system would increase taxes was the first hook on which the interests attempted to spike the Mayor's plan. This had worked in the 1915 and 1919 campaigns to fool the "forty-one per cent" necessary to save the company under the charter provision requiring a sixty per cent affirmative vote. The campaign of deception, therefore, was started with an anonymous booklet, purporting to be an open letter from "a group of old voters who have been stung before," which was sent to every taxpayer in the city. A few days later came anonymous "song books" containing cheap popular song parodies ridiculing the plan. Then the demands of the teachers, policemen, and firemen for salary increases were taken up and exploited. Company attorneys offered free advice to the teachers; speakers evidently hired by the propaganda bureau began to appear in factories, talking against the car plan under the guise of seeking wage increases for the firemen and policemen. The need of more paving and more schools was ballyhooed in the two newspapers which opposed the plan. The suddenly discovered "critical condition of the water system" became material for the speeches of the company's dozen attorneys. All this, of course, was totally beside the mark, as the $15,000,000 bond issue, by the city laws, must be met entirely by fares from the municipal system.

The "more taxes" fell on deaf ears, or rather ears which had heard the old catch phrase too often. The propagandists took up the cry of "double fares," but the Mayor settled this by pointing out that he would forbid the company's interurbans entering the city over the only available lines, which the city will take over, if the company did not agree to an equitable transfer agreement. The propagandists turned to union labor, charging that, under the open shop provisions required by the charter, the car men's union would be throttled. And here they made a fatal mistake. According to affidavits by the managers of the Detroit *Labor News*, the full-page anonymous advertisement in this paper urging union men to fight the plan was ordered and paid for by John A. Russell, editor of the *Michigan Manufacturer*, vice-president of the Board of Commerce and a bitter foe of the closed shop.

This necessitated a change of tactics. A "citizens' committee" of prominent persons suddenly came into be-

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ing. The full-page and half-page anonymous advertisements in the city and suburban newspapers found backing. True, three of the eminent citizens resigned after seeing the first two or three of the propagandists' attacks printed over their signatures, and others, drafted to fill the vacancies, protested vainly that they had not authorized use of their names. But the thing was imposing. Such a list of presidents and directors of this and that large corporation had never been gathered in one advertisement before. The well-mauled straphangers saw the point. They saw the point, also, when the propagandists incautiously carted all their bales of anonymous leaflets, booklets, letters, and dodgers over to the offices hired for the "citizens' committee" and began to issue them from there.

Then the private company came to the rescue with an offer to "build all the lines the Mayor proposes to build—without a cent of cost to the taxpayers." This was the first offer of the kind in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. For years the company had been complaining that it couldn't build five miles of track without a new franchise. The public laughed. The company got angry and started out to force these hundreds of miles of new lines and more hundreds of bright new cars on the public by seeking signatures for an initiative ordinance. The 30-year franchise proposition was cleverly concealed in the measure's verbiage. But it gave the company's attorneys and the propaganda bureau's $50-a-speech talkers something to talk about. When they weren't talking about that, they were calling the Mayor's plan "pure Bolshevism."

And so the campaign went on. A "women citizens' committee" of daughters of this and dames of that came into being. It also got in its imposing list the names of prominent women who protested they had never been asked and were not against the Mayor's plan anyway. The women's committee wanted a subway. Like the men's committee, it also had a mint of money to spend for expensive full-page advertisements. The cry for a subway was an intriguing one. Nobody had thought much of it before, but a stranger coming to Detroit and reading the morning *Free Press* and the afternoon *Times*, the two newspapers aiding the D. U. R., would have thought the city's existence depended on getting this "badge of metropolitan greatness" at once.

The *Times*, which was founded twenty years ago, "to prove that a newspaper could be run on the Beatitudes," offered a $1,000 prize to the person guessing nearest to the vote on the Mayor's plan. Accompanying the post-card ballots, which were sent to every householder in the city, was a piece of D. U. R. propaganda disguised as an open letter on the contest conditions. The letter did not specify which Beatitude inspired this scheme. The Board of Commerce, of which John A. Russell was acting president, in the absence of Allan A. Templeton, who was being sentenced at Grand Rapids for complicity in the Newberry case, also conducted an "impartial" referendum of its membership. The Women Citizens' League, which undertakes to supply authoritative information to the women voters of the city, deadlocked on the Mayor's plan after some strange maneuvering had occurred to get the head of the women's anti-car plan committee on the executive board, to which decision was left. One member of this board, who worked for the Mayor's plan, asserts she was offered $250 a week by a New York brokerage firm to work against it.

But the crowning wrong was left for the last days. The election was on Monday, April 5. On Saturday, April 3, practically every taxpayer in the city received an unsigned letter almost exactly duplicating in form the tax notices sent out annually by the city assessors. The city's official letterhead had been copied; the exact amount paid by each taxpayer the year before had been learned and written in by hand. Assuming, without foundation, a twenty per cent increase in taxes this year, the perpetrators of this scheme had also figured out and written in what each taxpayer's taxes would be, under this assumption, for the present year. Then they had figured out and written in "what your taxes will be if the Mayor's car plan carries," placing them twenty per cent higher still. Where on the regular tax bills there appears a red ink notice of the final payment date, was a similar red ink statement: "This is what you are voting on April 5. Hadn't you better think it over?" The propaganda bureau placed a low estimate on the intelligence of the city's voters—too low, as events proved.

This was the climax of the campaign of deceit and chicanery and a reckless spending of money seldom equaled. To combat it the voters had only a Mayor who stuck to fundamental economic principles through every one of his 75 speeches; the Detroit *News*, which has fought for municipal ownership ever since its founder nailed a "No more franchises" slogan to its masthead; the qualified support of the Detroit *Journal;* and their own native intelligence.

Florence Nightingale, 1820-1920

By JAMES RORTY

CHARGING out of the mists of Victorian Romanticism, which was just then having a characteristic "vapour" over Puseyism and the Oxford movement and holding solemn debates on the subject of Baptismal Regeneration, Florence Nightingale must have been a terrifying apparition to her family and her contemporaries. For example, what was one to do with a member of one of the best county families of England who generalized in public concerning the noticeable "lack of foreheads" among the church of England clergy? From such collisions of the devastating Florence with her too-conventional environment, Lytton Strachey, in his Eminent Victorians, derives much entertainment, although he is perhaps occasionally tempted to manipulate his material rather arbitrarily in the interests of achieving his deft, hard portrait of Genius with an *idée fixe*.

However, Florence would seem to be a fairly simple, if violent, phenomenon. The *leitmotiv* of her nature announced itself early and sounds continuously throughout her long life of ceaseless activity. She was a realist—a child of science, even though she had her share of limitations and prejudices and refused to the last to believe in Pasteur and germs. Her passion clothed itself frequently in the vocabulary of the theology of her time, but it was the passion of the scientist—and of the militant, utilitarian reformer.

When she was thirty-one she wrote in a letter to a friend: "I feel little zeal about pulling down one church or building another, in making bishops or unmaking them. If they would *make* us, our faith would spring up of itself and then we shouldn't want either Anglican church or Roman Catholic church to make it for us. But, bless my soul, people are just as ignorant now of any law in the human mind as they were in Socrates's time. We have learnt the physical laws since then, but the mental laws—why people don't even ac-

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knowledge their existence. They talk of grace and divine influence—why, if it's an arbitrary gift of God, how unkind of them not to give it before! And if it comes by certain laws, why don't we find them out? . . . I wish everybody would write, as far as they can, a short account of God's dealings with them, and then perhaps we shall find out at last what are God's ways in his goings on and what are not."

Whether she ever wrote such a treatise we do not know. But she would have been perfectly capable of doing it and of fortifying her account with carefully arranged notes and statistics. And modern psychoanalysis would find in it much of interest, just as statisticians today find much admirable instruction in her contributions to statistical science. Such is genius.

Some sort of metaphysical complex she unquestionably had, of course, but she never allowed it to interfere with her work. Significantly enough, while the word "God" appears very frequently in her writings, there is practically no mention of Heaven. Decidedly Heaven was not her home. She wanted the real world and work to do in it. And she wanted training for that work.

"Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives," she wrote, "arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men." And again: "Nursing is an art; and if it is to be made an art, it requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's spirit? It is one of the Fine Arts; I had almost said, the finest of the Fine Arts."

With both hands Florence Nightingale reached out to seize the world of reality for her sex. And there were not men in England strong enough or stupid enough or obstructive enough to stop her. Wielding her Crimean prestige like a bludgeon over the heads of the politicians, she fought the good fight with amazing resourcefulness and persistence for forty years after the Crimea was only a memory. In the course of this incessant warfare on the waste and the graft of officialdom, and the actual ignorance of those who were supposed to be the guardians of sanitary science, she completely used up at least one statesman—Sidney Herbert—and one poet—Arthur Hugh Clough—but she won her point in a surprising percentage of cases.

Today when nurses throughout the world are celebrating the hundredth anniversary of her birth, which occurs on May 12, they pay just tribute to a most impressive list of achievements. Aside from the reorganization of the British Army Medical Service, accomplished in the five years that immediately followed the signing of peace in the Crimea, and the immense energy she lavished on Indian reforms, she completely revolutionized methods of hospital construction and administration. The standards which she developed are essentially those which prevail today. She established in St. Thomas' Hospital, London, the first training school for nurses, and the "Nightingale Nurses" carried her spirit and her standards of training all over the world. Her Notes on Nursing published in 1859 is still a standard textbook. She early became interested in district nursing, worked with William Rathbone in developing a visiting nurse service for Liverpool, and in 1881 issued a little pamphlet On Trained Nursing for the Sick Poor in which the fundamental importance of this branch of her profession is forcefully asserted and its possibilities of service clearly indicated. She died in 1910, having lived the last half of her life in sick-bed, and having achieved a body of work whose monumental character no brief summary can convey.

Florence Nightingale was born a Victorian lady, destined, as she bitterly realized, to "do crochet in her mother's drawing-room"—and nothing much else. She was over thirty before she succeeded in winning through to the world of reality which she craved. But in achieving at last her triumph in the face of all the outraged conventions of her time, she conquered vicariously for multitudes of her followers. Probably no form of "social work" today is at such close grips with the facts of our civilization as public health nursing, which includes all forms of visiting, school, and industrial nursing as well as such recently emerged specialties as mental hygiene (the discovery and care of mental defectives) and hospital social service (follow-up work with discharged patients). That community nursing has reduced infant mortality is well known. According to figures made public by the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, it will be at least two years before the present demand for public health nurses can be met.

On May 12 celebrations of this centennial will be held by hospitals and nursing groups throughout the country. One of the most interesting announcements of the Centennial Committee is a prize of $500, offered by the Central Council for Nursing Education, for the best play based on incidents in the life of Florence Nightingale. We have had Disraeli and Washington and Lincoln. Why not the redoubtable "Lady with the Lamp"?

The Governor of the State

By HEBER BLANKENHORN

"LENIN'S idea," my friend the Governor began, "is essentially absurd. Let me explain—"

The Governor's private secretary popped his head in and said that the Speaker of the Assembly was on the wire.

"I don't see what I can do about it," said the Governor, finally, and hung up the telephone. "Essentially absurd," he resumed. "When you get down to the base of Bolshevism, what is it? A scheme for displacing representation of the people as citizens by geographical areas in favor of popular representation as producers by industrial divisions. This would mean a government made up of producers only—an oil man, an iron man, a wheat man, a wood man—and these mere industrialists would be expected to handle intelligently all the multifarious problems of the great state. It is—"

"Mayor Bilin is on the wire," said the secretary. After the conversation the Governor mused aloud. "Looks as if that whole city would be tied up by a traction strike. Well, I haven't any power to do anything about it. As I said, Lenin would have a wood man, a—"

"Word has just come in that the railway shopmen refuse to go back," said the secretary.

"Well, isn't that up to their own leaders? The State's Governor hasn't much business with control of a union, has he?" demanded my friend with irritation. "Now Lenin—"

The secretary had not gone. "Word also just received that the actors are on strike. They're sending a representative."

"The actors, too," said the Governor. "I can't say I know

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anything about theatrical business conditions. They'll want an investigation, I suppose. I can order that."

"Governor," I began, "I don't quite see the essen—"

The long distance telephone rang. "Hum," said the Governor as he listened. "That amounts to a general strike, doesn't it? Been going on for three weeks now? No, no reports about it ever reached me. There's no use trying to explain all the details to me this way. Write it. You want the State Constabulary? Well, write it."

"Is that the State troop organized to protect people's country places and city water-supply dams?"

"Yes," said the Governor. "You see, any scheme for industrial representation would—"

A deputation from the International Amalgamated and Associated Union of Garment Makers was brought in. It seemed that they represented 50,000 strikers in ten different cities, idle the past month. The Governor suggested an inquiry.

"Governor," said one of the deputation, "we're sick of inquiries. We want something *done*. The owners say they can't do anything, that our demands will ruin the business."

"Well, what do you expect me to do?" the Governor retorted. "Can I tell if it'll ruin the business? I know my power under the Constitution and you can take an inquiry or nothing."

Left alone, we returned to Lenin. "How can the multifarious interests of the modern state be—"

The secretary put a thick dossier on the executive desk. "I notice that there are now pending 189 applications to the State Industrial Commission for labor investigations, some eleven months old," the secretary remarked. "Here is a memorandum from the chief commissioner that to meet these requests adequately would necessitate an increase in personnel of 2,400 per cent, entailing an even greater percentage increase in appropriation."

The Governor snorted. "Getting funny, isn't he? Does he think the State's only business is industrial disputes? The legislature is going to cut down the Commission's appropriation as it is."

"What's the make-up of the Assembly this year?" I asked.

"Same as always," said the Governor. "Nobody in it really knows anything about the real business of a State. Why should they? They get here because they're successful local politicians. And what's a politician? That's more than I've ever figured out. And I'm one."

The secretary brought in a card. "Won't see him," said the Governor. "That's the man who made the college professors' union and now he's organizing the preachers. Wants a complete unionization of the middle classes, eh? The things that some people think are a Governor's business!"

"If Lenin's idea—" I resumed.

The secretary interrupted. "I understand both the minimum wage and workmen's compensation laws are going to be declared unconstitutional."

"Five years' work gone for nothing," exploded the Governor. What he rehearsed of personal history of the State's supreme judiciary cannot be set down here. "And what can I do about it?"

"Here is a request that the Governor officiate at the christening of a ship to be named for this State," announced the secretary.

"I guess I can do that," said the Governor. "The essential absurdity—"

The telephone rang. I left.

In the Driftway

A LETTER recently received by *The Nation* from a college president in the West has been turned over to the Drifter. It brings home in an extremely concrete way the plight of executives and teachers in some smaller colleges:

The President is obliged to return the enclosed subscription slip without sending his subscription to *The Nation*. *Confidential:* His salary is $1,600 a year. He has a family and dependents. He has been forced to borrow money the past year and does not know what the end is to be. His college turns out graduates without experience who earn $1,500 or $1,600 the first year. A graduate of two years' experience is receiving $3,500. President —— uses his feet for transportation. He wears old clothing. Mechanics pass him every day in their Fords and laugh at his plight. His college cannot pay higher salaries (professors $1,200) because invested funds do not earn higher interest and gifts are not obtained, if obtainable. Nevertheless, President —— is in repute in —— as an able scholar, and his college serves the State well through its graduates. He is sorry that he cannot spare $5.

* * * * *

WRITING in the monthly review *Cuba Contemporánea*, Felix Nieto del Rio shows to be groundless the fears of American imperialists of a possible South American confederation. The propagandists of imperialism profess to view with alarm what is called "Latino-americanismo" as a formula destined to arrest the power and influence of the United States in the American continents, and speak of it as a recent form of German propaganda to bring about a material union of the other American republics against the United States. It is true that the great South American liberators—Bolívar, the Venezuelan; San Martin, the Argentinian; and O'Higgins, the Chilean—all thought, under the circumstances of the moment, that the lands they had freed from the Spanish crown would constitute one or, at the most, two nations; but all the immense prestige of Bolivar was insufficient to bring about a pact of federations between peoples separated by nature and by their local interests. So Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia fell apart. An effort of the dictator Santa Cruz forcibly to unite the republics of Peru and Bolivia provoked the indignation of the most considerable part of the Peruvian people so greatly that they solicited the assistance of Chile against this "confederation based on tyranny." Conservation of Uruguayan nationality occasioned two wars between Argentina and Brazil. Paraguay defended her integrity during many years at the sacrifice of almost the whole of her male population. From 1810 to 1920 the history of South America is full of actions contradictory to the idea of a union. Not even a customs agreement has been reached between these countries.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL, correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* in Paris during most of the war, was expelled from France in 1918, largely because of making public the peace maneuvers conducted through Prince Sixtus of Bourbon, new revelations in regard to which appear in the International Relations Section of this issue.

The other contributors are well-known to *Nation* readers through previous articles.

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Correspondence

Questioning the Lawyers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with mingled emotions the several letters of those prominent lawyers of New York who had courage enough to allow the publication of their opinions in regard to the denial of the constitutional rights of free speech and public assembly, in your issue of April 17. Bearing always in mind the continued courtesy and studied consideration invariably accorded a witness, when questioned by a lawyer, I would suggest that these prominent lawyers be placed upon the stand in the court of Public Opinion and examined as follows:

1. Do you understand the meaning of ordinary English words as used by the average United States citizen? Answer Yes or No.

2. Do you understand the nature of an oath? Answer Yes or No.

3. Have you ever read the Constitution of the United States and the several amendments thereto? Answer Yes or No.

4. Did you take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States? Answer Yes or No.

5. The first amendment to the Constitution of the United States says: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition their government for a redress of grievances." Does this amendment mean that Congress shall make laws abridging the freedom of speech? Answer Yes or No.

6. Does a person who has taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States violate that oath when he aids, in any way—either directly or indirectly—to make laws which the Constitution expressly declares shall not be made? Answer Yes or No.

7. Is the opinion of a person who deliberately violates his oath, or his solemn word of honor, entitled to any respect by honest men? Answer Yes or No.

What we would like to know is this: are there any "rights" to which the people are entitled; or are the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States founded thereon, mere "scraps of paper"? Let the prominent lawyers answer Yes or No.

Bloomfield, Conn., April 21. FRED M. MANSUR.

Not Yet Out of the Woods

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What thrice-accursed roll of the editorial dice prompted you to seize your issue of April 17 as the one in which to congratulate the country on the "collapse" of the movement for compulsory military training? You knew—no one knew better than you—that I was using in that same issue a whole page of your boldest, blackest type to beg for help for the American Union Against Militarism in its fight against compulsory military training, and pouf! You destroy nine-tenths of the force of my appeal with a jubilant editorial paragraph which implies, though it does not say, that the fight is won!

This from you, Brutus, is too much!

As a matter of fact, of course, our strength is partly real and partly purely factitious. Public sentiment is turning our way as indicated, for example, by the vote taken on the question a few weeks ago in the Columbus, Ohio, Chamber of Commerce, where the opposition to compulsory training developed 87 votes to the affirmative's 133. But much of our strength is due wholly to the fact that a Presidential election is coming. When that election is over, many of our political adherents will mysteriously melt away. So good a judge of the sentiment in the lower House as Congressman Kitchin says that the test of strength which is due next December will be a severe one indeed. And as for the situation in the Senate, your readers should realize that while we mustered 46 votes on behalf of the proposal to substitute "voluntary" military training for compulsory training, we did not have votes enough to force a decisive, clean-cut roll-call on the question of compulsory training itself. It was the Frelinghuysens and the Wadsworths who dictated the terms of the amnesty, not we! And we didn't have votes enough to block in the Senate the adoption of Section 73 of the Wadsworth bill which fastens the draft upon the country as our permanent military policy, to be invoked whenever Congress and the President declare a "national emergency" to exist.

The American Union Against Militarism is devoting the next few months to an effort to force the congressmen to go on record *at this time* on the question. To do that on any effective scale requires both members and money, more members than we have and more money than we are getting. Four big bellicose so-called "defence leagues" are living luxuriously on the drippings from the 480 billions of gross profits enjoyed by the corporations of the country while we have to struggle along on the contributions of the "newly poor." It is premature to speak of a victory—yet.

Washington, D. C., April 27 CHARLES T. HALLINAN.

Japanese as Americanizers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Speaking of Americanization, may I call your attention to a method adopted by a group of Japanese in Seattle?

There is a club of Japanese students, college and high, called "Seiyu-Kai," meaning Good Friendship. This club recently held its first oratorical contest. There were nine contestants, five young men, four young women: six American born, three born in Japan. Each gave a ten-minute oration on "Americanization"—a preparatory address having been delivered by Ray K. Olaka, the president of the club, on "And So We Are Going to Build the Bridge."

All the orations breathed with the spirit of "our forefathers" of the Mayflower; so that if one had closed his eyes he could easily have believed that he was listening to descendants of Priscilla and John. Several, in a perfectly natural way—and why not, since they are thoroughgoing Americans, having been born here?—referred to the "foreigners," the "ignorant foreigners who come to our shores," and urged "patient treatment of the foreigners."

I venture to say that nothing will occur in 1920 more pleasantly American than the First Annual Oratorical Contest of Seiyu-Kai. It is my opinion that the Japanese will help Americanize America as truly as the immigrants of any other country.

Seattle, April 23 SYDNEY STRONG

Why Go to Church?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a Methodist for over a quarter of a century. Moreover, I have bought Liberty bonds to the limit of my means. My equanimity is disturbed, however, by the appearance of a special bulletin urging the folk of the community to attend church—my church—for the following reason: "The religion of the community is really the bulwark of our investments. And when we consider that only fifteen per cent of the people hold securities of any kind and less than three per cent hold enough to pay income tax, the importance of the churches becomes more evident." The quotation is from Roger W. Babson. John Wesley might have stressed Free Grace. Whither are we tending?

Oxford, Ohio, April 9 G.

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Yahrzeit

By SAMUEL ROTH

And first he was a strangeness in the door,
And then a wall between me and the sun,
And then a quiet voice which spoke to me.

And lifting up my head I said to him:
"Brother, you are as merciless as God.
Are not my days already filled with it?
My heart is dry; how can I sorrow more?"

"It's not the time to talk such things," he said,
And saying lit the yellow mourning lamps
And ranged them on the window sill and mused:
"The sky is black; likely 'twill storm tonight."

And then he opened up the book and read:
"Upon this day the souls of all the dead
Gather before the awful Judgment Seat
To render an account of all their deeds."

Outside, the night was full; the clouds hung low;
Sinuous quietness before the storm.

I turned my face to him. "There is a spell
That binds me heart and soul. I cannot think.
I cannot feel. Something is numb in me
That should be life." "It's time to rest," he said.

And he lay there and at his side I lay
While Furies shook the Night beating their wings
Against the window-panes on which the light
Wove shrouds and shrouds of yellow flickering sheen.

"You do not sleep," waking he spoke to me.
"I cannot sleep tonight," I answered him.
"I cannot sleep or feel. O could you know
The pain that numbs my soul." I hid my eyes.

"I know your pain," he mused and gazed at me.
"She does not love you more. Is that not so?"
I mumbled: "That is so."

"Your youth is sad,"
He sighed. "You should love less and set your heart
Upon more sacred things than woman's love.
Now is it to be wondered you are dry?
You have not drawn upon the wells of God."

"What are the wells of God?" I asked of him.

"And if I tell you where they are," he said,
"Will you then leave your love to find them out?
Has living taught you nothing, then, but love?
Do roadways lift themselves towards the sky?
Do stones roll passionately into brooks?
And have you ever seen a hillside lift up arms
And reach out to the passing clouds for love?
You are a road, a stone, a hillside, brother."

The mourning lamps flickered away and died.
Dawn rose over the town, over the rain.
And he uprose and prayed and went his way.

Books

Tragedy in Camelot

Lancelot: A Poem. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Thomas Seltzer.

IN "Lancelot" Mr. Robinson has continued the study of Camelot which he began three years ago in "Merlin." It is still the Camelot so unknit by its virtues that it crumbles slowly under the weight of its vices. Of all the knights who rode off on the flaming quest of the Grail, only Gawaine, who came home almost before he started, still believes in Camelot. And Gawaine is casual and earthy in the very face of dissolution. Hard yet humane old Bedivere foresees the day when there will be no Camelot and no Arthur, nor any kings whatever, but some new order of life. With Lancelot, however, who here keeps the stage, it is not so much a matter of believing or disbelieving in Camelot—though he sees its end—as of holding with integrity to his fated path in a shattering world.

> God, what a rain of ashes falls on him
> Who sees the new and cannot leave the old.

The devastating Light has tempted Lancelot, too, away from his place in Arthur's great experiment, though he is bound to it by the desire of Guinevere, whom the Grail has never tempted, could never tempt. His tragedy is the necessity of choosing between them, to the accompaniment of murder and war and heartbreak.

Mr. Robinson's conception of character is that of Merlin, who, in the earlier book, saw

> In each bewildered man who dots the earth
> A moment with his days, a groping thought
> Of an eternal will, strangely endowed
> With merciful illusions whereby self
> Becomes the will itself and each man swells
> In fond accordance with his agency;

and in the protagonists of Camelot

> swollen thoughts of this eternal will
> Which have no other way to find the way
> That leads them on to their inheritance
> Than by the time-infuriating flame
> Of a wrecked empire.

Such a conception, with its deeps below deeps of personality and its habit of yoking souls with stars, might have afforded a less disciplined poet the opportunity for cosmic ranting. Mr. Robinson, of course, does not rant. As in his shrewd annals of Tilbury Town he has never succumbed to the mere paint and patches of local color but has hit the universal with his narrowest strokes, so here in the wide world of fable he is still as accurate and natural as at home. Lancelot, hero of a thousand romantic plots, is piercingly set forth without blur or mist. After his treachery to Arthur and his murder of Gawaine's brothers he knows that no forgiveness could make Camelot endurable again for the lovers. Nor is there any hiding-place in France where the Queen of the Christian world and Lancelot of the Lake could live unnoted. Neither prayer nor valor can bring back a summer of love. And always there is the Light which irresistibly beckons him to his isolate salvation. Guinevere, who has no such vision in her fate—or her character—does not seem so clearly a "groping thought of an eternal will." But Mr. Robinson portrays her, entirely loyal and entirely woman, no less skilfully than Lancelot, who is here something of the saint and yet predestined traitor to love. When first Lancelot tells her that she must go back to Camelot, where Arthur dotes and Modred plots and lusts, she almost dies under the ruthless words; but later, having accepted her fate, in their final interview at the convent, though she is still woman and not saint, she is stronger than Lancelot.

The poem has the stark, unpopular grandeur of those trage-

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dies in which men are overwhelmed not by reason of outer accidents but by reason of some trait of the soul—in this case especially stark and unpopular because the trait is that passion for an ideal which lifts men above their senses and rends them from their societies. To such a theme Mr. Robinson's style naturally adapts itself. His blank verse is somewhat less soft than in "Merlin," which had to describe the sumptuous garden of Broceliande, and which had occasionally a Tennysonian dying fall at the stanza ends. The verse of "Lancelot" is as athletic and spare as an Indian runner, though it walks not runs. The ballad clatter of Kipling or Masefield would never have served the purpose of Mr. Robinson, who argues too closely and subtly, and moves his action to a conclusion which for its effect must have been foreseen and dreaded and yet have been implicit in the action. At the same time, he varies his verse in admirable accord with situation and character. Since Browning there has been no finer dramatic dialogue in verse than that spoken by Lancelot and Guinevere and no apter characterization than in the ironical talk of Gawaine. One must go out of verse, to George Meredith and Henry James, to find its match. But Mr. Robinson has the advantage of verse. C. V. D.

Etching

Etchers and Etchings. By Joseph Pennell. The Macmillan Company.

THE enthusiastic student who aspires to be an etcher is confronted in the preface of Mr. Pennell's book with the following remark: "Everything about making an etching can be learned from an etcher in a morning: but it will take the student all his life to put his learning into practice; and even then he will almost certainly fail to become an etcher." The student who can survive this blast and proceed under full sail is dauntless as Jason. He will discover, however, before he has journeyed far upon his quest that Mr. Pennell, although a pessimistic and querulous helmsman, is an experienced and valuable one. Mr. Pennell's book, designed for the collector as well as the student, is a beautiful piece of bookmaking; the reproductions of the etchings are much finer than those commonly to be met with. The text is divided into two parts: the first studies the work of the great etchers; the second reviews from a technical standpoint all the known methods of etching.

In its historical or critical portion, the book deals only with masters who are dead; it is not, as Mr. Pennell says, "an advertisement of living etchers." Whistler, according to the author, is the greatest etcher who has ever lived. As the Lutrine oyster had a sea created expressly for it, so Whistler has Mr. Pennell's book as a specially designed abode. In the end, however, from the standpoint of the true etching, as Mr. Pennell understands it, the reader probably will not be inclined to quarrel very sharply with the writer's judgment upon the relative merits of Whistler and other etchers. The foundation of great etching is the expression of impressions with the most vital as well as the fewest lines. A great etcher necessarily must be a great technician. "The drawing and placing of the lines on the plate is a part of the making of a great etching, and in the biting of the plate there is as much art as in the drawing of it, while the whole is crowned by the printing, and all great etchers have been great printers and their own printers." In this perfection of the technical side of the craft which cannot be disassociated from great etching, Whistler was most supreme. The light which Mr. Pennell throws upon Whistler's method and practice is extremely interesting. He introduces reproductions of many of Whistler's finest prints, and comments upon them in such a way as to guide the ordinary reader to a more intelligent appreciation of Whistler's genius as an etcher. The famous Black Lion Wharf is superbly reproduced. Such selections as Weary, the Annie Haden, and the drypoint Jo are admirably fitted to illustrate Whistler's exquisite line, the grace of his rendering, the distinction of his observation. Interesting, too, is an etching, Beggars, from the Venice Set, proffered as a basis of comparison with an etching upon the same subject by Rembrandt.

In his criticism of Rembrandt, Mr. Pennell makes it quite clear wherein certain plates are meaninglessly cross-hatched and are lacking in vital economy of line. The Mother is an instance in point, where the draperies are handled rather meanly as compared with the Annie Haden of Whistler. Although Rembrandt's large Biblical subjects are referred to as huge "pot-boilers," Mr. Pennell is led, nevertheless, into a more than temperate admiration of them. Two of those reproduced are among the finest ever etched by Rembrandt—the Christ Presented to the People and the Three Crosses. The latter especially is very impressive—more so than the less ambitious etchings which Mr. Pennell praises as superior technically. Meryon comes off badly in the Pennell book. "The bulk of Meryon's work is totally uninteresting, totally uninspired, devoid of spontaneity, absolutely easy to imitate, poor in perspective, without observation, out of scale, faked." But since Meryon himself admitted he was no etcher, Mr. Pennell's remarks probably will not cause him to turn in his grave. However, he did a few astonishingly good plates, which Mr. Pennell acknowledges, in the College Henri Quatre and the famous The Morgue; although Meryon's treatment of sky and smoke in the latter plate is just as bad as Mr. Pennell says it is. But if Mr. Pennell's generalizations seem too harsh as regards the work of Meryon, they do an injustice to Sir Seymour Haden, who is branded with Meryon as a stodgy duffer. It is doubtless true that Haden resorted to commercial methods, but he "had something to say for himself" in other plates besides those in the list drawn up by Mr. Pennell. Two of Haden's finest plates, here shown, surprise Mr. Pennell into enthusiastic comment. The Sunset in Ireland he calls "the most poetical drypoint landscape that exists," while of The Breaking Up of the Agamemnon he allows that "no finer etching in pure line was ever made by a British artist." Little space and brief mention is given to etchers other than the four already discussed. A horde of lesser etchers are dismissed with very frank contempt, so that the reader who wishes to learn about them must seek elsewhere. In the historical section of the book Mr. Pennell's critical notes, which face the various reproductions and comment upon their individual qualities, constitute his happiest and most illuminating moments.

The second part of "Etching and Etchers" explains with lucidity the technical processes which are involved in the making of an etching; it also discusses their preservation, cataloguing, mounting, and arranging. This section is rich with information drawn from Mr. Pennell's long experience and from that of foreign etchers; the volume offers material here which has never been published before. In this section, too, are several reproductions of Mr. Pennell's own work illustrating various methods of treating plates. They all have distinction and beauty, especially the mezzotint Wren's City and the drypoint London from My Window. The chapter On Trials and States will be of peculiar interest to the collector, since it exhibits the ignorance of most cataloguers regarding the true states of plates. The collector, too, will find many suggestive hints upon the exhibition of prints in the chaper On the Arrangement of a Print Room. Aside from the practical information to be got from the technical division of "Etchers and Etching" the collector and the student will get from it a new understanding of how precariously a great etching depends upon technical processes; how the whole business of making one is a breathless adventure entered upon by the artist with love—and fear. Those who carefully read the technical chapters and then return to the historical portion of the book will review Mr. Pennell's criticisms with more patience and infinitely more understanding. The book as a whole does etching a great service.

GLEN MULLIN.

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Studies in Spanish-American Literature

Studies in Spanish-American Literature. By Isaac Goldberg. Brentano's.

AS members of that nation which, in George Ticknor, practically began the international study of Spanish literature, we have been awaiting critically the work of his successors; while we have gradually become aware that a new literature has grown up among the Spanish-speaking peoples on our own southern continent, so that the question now assumes a new importance not only to our literature but to our Americanism as well. The beginnings of our consciousness of the existence of a Spanish-American, as distinguished for a purely Peninsular, literature came with the publication of Alfred Coester's "Literary History of Spanish America," supplemented by J. D. M. Ford's "Main Currents of Spanish Literature" and "The Hispanic Anthology" of the Hispanic Society of America, and now decisively furthered by Isaac Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish-American Literature."

In his introduction Mr. Goldberg disavows any intention to produce "a book of purely critical essays"; he declares that he seeks "to suggest rather than to define" certain directions in the development of his subject. Nevertheless, we find that, happily, he has not always followed this intent, but that on occasion he does define, and very ably, the salient points in modern South American letters. As an example, he gives in his chapter on The Modernista Renovation a lucid description of the conditions in French literature that immediately influenced such South American writers as Gutierrez Nájera, Julián del Casal, and José Asunción Silva, making at the same time a proper estimate of the traditions derived from Byron, Heine, and Poe; summing up the American tendencies so active in the poems of Díaz Mirón and Santos Chocano, and following in a general way the lines of criticism laid down by Rodo, Blanco Fombona, and Max Henriquez Urena. He dates the beginning of the Modernista movement from the publication of Darío's Azul in 1888.

Mr. Goldberg does not seem altogether well-advised in contrasting so blankly the pagan and Christian elements in the minds of Darío, Gutierrez Nájera, and Amado Nervo. Paganism in its better sense involves a proper—not disorderly—appreciation of human life and its forces; in such a sense great pagans like Virgil and the Catos have been said to possess anticipations of Christian virtues. We are proud to say that we have not disowned this high religion of nature in the face of narrow sectarianism; we are children of the Renaissance as well as of the Middle Ages. Darío, Gutierrez Nájera, and Nervo certainly expressed waverings of spirit in their long search for ideal beauty; but it is short-sighted to deny that at any time they ceased to be Christians of the Spanish dispensation. They themselves would have resented any other interpretation of their philosophy. We might go through the works of Darío and Nájera and show innumerable confirmations of this; in the earlier and better poems of Amado Nervo we find many really cloistral pieces of mystical beauty which were never equalled by any of his later works.

Americanism in Mr. Goldberg's book is represented clearly in his thorough study of José Santos Chocano and Ruffino Blanco Fombona. There is a contrast here, for Chocano is as much a friend of the United States as Fombona is our opponent—and to say the truth we have the best of the bargain. For Chocano is a poet of the first order, with powers magnificent enough to constitute himself the coryphaeus of our two Americas, with sufficient culture, tenderness, and delicacy to hold his place not only against Darío and his neo-European school, but against the poetical leaders of any country in the world. Fombona, on the other hand, while an editor of considerable breadth of culture and refinement of taste, permits himself to entertain grievances against the United States based upon individual cases of wrongs and accidents of peculiar time and place which a larger mind would palliate or overlook. He has been hurling at us for years the favorite curse of the unfriendly European, that we are worshippers of the dollar, forgetting that we are not half so devout in that worship as are most of our accusers. He ignores or misconstrues every fact of our national benevolence and idealism.

Mr. Goldberg gives detailed study to each of the published works of Darío, Chocano, Blanco Fombona, and Rodo, and in so scholarly a way as to have produced a book of permanent value, really necessary in any collection of world literature.

THOMAS WALSH

The Atonement

The Idea of Atonement in Christian Theology. By Hastings Rashdall. The Macmillan Company.

THEOLOGICAL discussions in the pre-war idiom have a curiously irrelevant flavor. We seem to have passed through a terrific experience which has shattered the traditional concepts under which men in the past were wont to justify God's ways with them; and even so competent and scholarly a discussion as this of Mr. Rashdall's carries with it a suggestion of belonging to a stage which we have left behind us. Doubtless this mood will in time pass away, and we shall have to reforge our links with the great historic travail of the Christian mind in its effort to rationalize its hope and experience of reconciliation to God. Yet we shall do so with a difference. We have been through an experience much too like the Cross to make us patient with merely speculative discussions of its mystery.

Mr. Rashdall traces the history of the doctrine of the Atonement down from its pre-Christian origins through the New Testament, and then by way of the Apostolic Fathers, the Latin theology, the Schoolmen, and the Reformers down to modern times. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Rashdall's work will find the sincerity and thoroughness of discussion which they have learned to expect from him. His main interest lies in the controversy between the subjective and the objective types of Atonement doctrines; and while it might be suggested that the refutation of objective or transactional theories at this time of day is largely flogging a dead horse, it may perhaps be said that Mr. Rashdall does the necessary service of burying the corpse. *Perhaps*, for even Mr. Rashdall's logic leaves behind it a misgiving lest the strange vitality of certain schools that hold to the transactional view betokens some reality of experience of which the Origenistic and Abelardian theory takes inadequate account. The difficulty which clings to all forms of transactional theory is that they leave the moral character of God under suspicion; yet the fact remains that those evangelical schools that frankly preach this type of doctrine have possessed a far more conspicuous missionary and propagandist impulse than those that adhere to the subjective theories. This is a circumstance which requires some explaining.

The truth is that we have not yet reached the final and definitive interpretation of the Cross. The subjective theory which Mr. Rashdall supports appears to fail in explaining the peculiar uniqueness of the Cross among historical phenomena. It stands alone in a stark, abrupt way; and while we can find analogies to it in this event and that, there is no other recorded incident which appears to fit easily into the same category. Mr. Rashdall rejects the Patripassian interpretation of the Cross, as a good Hegelian should; yet it is difficult to resist a feeling (at whatever cost to one's philosophy) that the Cross does reveal a God who suffers. So much indeed Mr. Rashdall appears to concede, but he will have none of the idea that this suffering is the ground of Atonement. But in spite of the difficulties entailed by such a view for an absolutist philosophy, if we continue to regard the Cross primarily as the act of God, shall we not have to find our interpretation of it in some form of Patripassianism?

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One wonders whether we have not come to a point at which we should attempt a new approach to the mystery of the Cross. The speculative approach has led us into what is, after all, a theological impasse. "By their fruits ye shall know them"; and the zeal of the evangelistic school with its forthright objective doctrine is not to be written off as merely credulous enthusiasm. It springs from some actuality of experience; yet there can be no question that the doctrine itself, judged by a modern average ethical standard, is—to put it mildly—hardly moral. Perhaps we have hitherto been wanting in a thorougly empirical study of the ethics of the Cross; certainly we have been sadly wanting in any experimental exploration of the Cross. He who bears the Cross is the likeliest person to understand it. The Cross baffles us because we are too little Christian. Perhaps if we came at it by the Via Dolorosa and saw it from within, we might grasp something of its mystery. The solution of the problem of the Cross waits for a church which is ready to be crucified. Perhaps it is laid up for this generation to start the ethical and experimental approach to the Cross and supply that elusive something which is lacking in all the speculative interpretations of it.

RICHARD ROBERTS

The Great Adventure

The Romantic Woman. By Mary Borden. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Loom of Youth. By Alec Waugh. George H. Doran Company.

THE great adventure of the personal life is not, as youth often and healthily believes, to swing from convention to revolt, but to struggle out of confusion into a clearness of the mind. It is then that one can, at moments, rise above one's own experience and turn it like an intricately graven medal in one's hands. Such moments represent the completest satisfaction that life knows. To hold them fast and multiply them is to establish the true liberty of the soul. The meaninglessness of a good deal of art to great numbers of people is due to the fact that their emotional absorption will never let them become aware of their own muddle-headedness. They are the prey of their own voracities for things and people and for what they call love. To differ from them—to like immensely and dwell fondly on a book like "The Romantic Woman"—it is not necessary to be cold, but only to have a perception of the cleanliness of detachment and inner freedom, and a corresponding aversion from the weary chaos of having one's whole self involved in the processes of life.

Now it is tolerably clear that it is rather harder for an American to attain to that detachment and inner freedom than for anyone else. We swathe things until we forget that they exist; our respectable people rarely, after the manner of deliberate conservatives elsewhere, insist on the necessity of conventions. They deny the existence of all that the conventions are supposed to order and restrain and take these artifices themselves as exhausting the content of life and the possibilities of human nature. Mary Borden sees all that magnificently and records her perceptions with a candor at once cool and burning. But the final liberation is not hers. She knows that it is not, as her title and many passages bear witness. And she also misinterprets her final failure. She calls herself romantic for expecting more from people and things and experiences than they have to offer. In reality her disappointment arose not from the extent but from the character of her demands. She asks for what does not exist at all. Where nature offers a lure, an ecstasy, and a regret, she wants her mind "beautifully involved." She wants, at least in her weaker hours, not reality at all, but a franker and more charming copy of the substitute for reality which was accepted in her circles in her Chicago youth.

Her picture of that city and its people is one of the very brilliant things in recent literature. Its temper is not harsh, but it has an edge and the edge cuts clean every time. Somehow a "society" had to be built there by differentiating itself from the "Micks," the "Irish-German-Jew" populace. One of its pillars was wealth, but the other was virtue—virtue in a sense not native to that populace, virtue of a solid texture and perfectly starched. When the fashionable matrons served wine, it represented a triumph of fashion over moral reluctance; they regarded divorce as a breach in their carefully built citadel. Thus the girls of the second generation were softened by luxury, but still wanted virtue. They became flirts in the sense defined by Joan Fairfax in her withering speech to her old friend Phyllis: "You like to drive men out of their wits, but you don't care about satisfying their wants." Thus Joan herself, at her first view of a society that is franker because it can take its pretensions much more for granted, is dizzied and almost stunned.

She marries into that society, the British military aristocracy, and very naturally her romantic American soul is chilled and disillusioned. She finds in her husband "a chronic fear of the great things and the deep things." She does not quite see that such a fear is, after all, a sounder tribute to those things than an entire unawareness of them and a loud and unctuous worship of pinchbeck substitutes. But after a turbid and rather disastrous visit to Chicago some years after her marriage, she returns with relief to a society where, despite much else, "people know a little bit what the things in the world mean and what they are worth." She wants to share that knowledge. But between it and her stands to the end the romanticism nursed in the Chicago of her earliest years.

There is an appearance of desultoriness in the book's narrative method. But the facts and the characters stand out very clearly and massively in the end. The style has both dryness and coolness. These permit the author a frankness that will seem almost ribald to the ignorant but that she sustains without a moment's loss of real dignity or spiritual poise. At its best that style has a quality like the bluish shimmer on steel. Aware of her romanticism, she yields to no eloquence of expression and writes with precision and sobriety. But always she conveys the richness, the distinction, and the vigor of an arresting character and mind.

Youth moves swiftly today. You watch seventeen suddenly in the possession of perceptions for which you yourself struggled through the hard and heated years. Especially in Europe the war has stripped a number of young minds of old and corrupting delusions. The process gives us a man and a poet like Siegfried Sassoon. Among those still younger it gives us a novelist like Alex Waugh. He was only seventeen when "The Loom of Youth" was completed, and it is naturally a story of public school life in England. But already at its end he had grasped the meaning of the great adventure and had decided that "as long as he was content to take the world's view of anything, he was bound to meet with disillusionment. He would have to sift everything in the sieve of his own experience." He sifts "Fernhurst" now. His indictment is not new. There is the quite stupid worship of sports as ends in themselves, the unvitalized grind of studies, the pugnacity and militarism of the total outlook on life. What is fresh in the book is its clear insight into the morality of the boys, especially in their relations with the masters and its objective projection of its complex and busy scene. But its real significance is best revealed by a comparison. There is "Tom Brown's Schooldays," with its genuine sweetness of temper and its cultivation of an incredibly narrow but far from ignoble type of manhood. There is "Stalky and Company," with its violence and its impudently vulgar contempt of all the worlds beyond its particular little corner of the earth. In "The Loom of Youth" there is a far more balanced sanity than in either, a directer vision and a clearer will. Even in a world so hideously wrecked this temper gives one hope.

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Books in Brief

IN "Grands Seigneurs et Bourgeois d'Angleterre" (Paris: Plon), Roger Boutet de Monvel makes it his special business to accumulate for his readers' delectation the whimsical traits of a strange group from England's Biedermeier days. First comes George Augustus Selwyn, close friend of Horace Walpole and of Madame du Deffand, the most celebrated wit of his generation (although his twentieth century readers never seem able to see the joke), celebrated also for his somnolence, his love of hangings, his indifference toward the fair sex in general, and in its despite his pathetically ardent affection for the Italian child Maria Fagnani, who inherited his fortune and made unworthy use of it. Then comes Miss Burney the novelist, or more strictly Miss Burney's eyes as a medium for studying King George the Third, the honest moralist who thought Voltaire and Rousseau rascals and Shakespeare rubbish, but who professed unbounded admiration for Addison and Benjamin West, who practised the domestic virtues with unkingly devotion, and lost his reason largely, it seems, from grief at the death of his youngest daughter. The author very reasonably checks Macaulay's hot indignation at the rascals who snuffed out Miss Burney's literary career by making her lady-in-waiting to Queen Charlotte, with the reminder that she had not written a line for years before her entrance upon that function and that everything she wrote later was below mediocrity. The study of Beckford is alive with ludicrous anecdote, and the concluding chapter on the mad amateur actor Romeo Coates is quite as amusing. M. de Monvel adds to the quaint flavor of Georgian England an additional pleasant something—the half-puzzled appreciation of an alien-tongued foreigner—like a dash of Oriental curry in a rich Irish stew.

Drama

The French Theater of Today

IT is a tradition of the French theater to conquer the world. The classics of the seventeenth century ruled the stages of Europe until the coming of Lessing and of the Romantic age. In the nineteenth century the playwrights of France once more took possession of the theater. But that second conquest was wholly different from the first. The classics of the great age summed up and embodied the living ideal of every neo-classicist in the world. They achieved what all desired to attempt. They were copied through an inner conviction. But romanticism destroyed the continuous surface of European culture. It left literature concrete in substance and national in temper. Sardou and Scribe swept across Europe not because they expressed an ideal, but because they expressed none whatever. Their plays could gleam for a moment in any climate because they were rooted in no soil. With Augier and the younger Dumas French drama almost attained another European hour in the older and nobler sense. But soon the society plays derived from the works of these two became a by-word. When finally France created a modern drama of her own, the business of dramatic exportation fell off. The masterpieces of her new theater—"Les Corbeaux," "Amoureuse," "Les Fossiles," "Connais-toi," "Le Pardon," "Amants," "Les Hannetons"—though far more universal because far more concrete, have stayed at home. Yet the average theater-goer bases his vague and simple faith in the supremacy of the French stage not upon these plays of which he has never heard, but on the persistence of the French skill of manufacturing for export the trade-goods of the theater—Bisson's "Mme. X.," Bernstein's "Thief," and the books

ALFRED A. KNOPF 220 W. 42d ST., NEW YORK

Robert Graves'

new book of poems is COUNTRY SENTIMENT, a volume in the delightful whimsical vein of *Fairies and Fusiliers*, his first book, but treating of the more peaceful pursuits of the English countryside instead of the War. Louis Untermeyer said of Graves: "He is, with Sassoon, the most remarkable of the younger Englishmen. It is a fine tempered instrument he uses, and the music he strikes from it is as lovely as it is varied." ($1.25 *net*)

Lord Loreburn's Book

HOW THE WAR CAME is still the outstanding work on the terrible weeks of intrigue and blunder that preceded the War. An absolutely essential book for informed people it is gradually forcing the attention of the conservative elements of the country. *The Saturday Evening Post*, for example, has just published an editorial on it, commenting especially on Lord Loreburn's statement (for which it considers "he makes out a pretty good case") that another two days of discussion would have averted the War altogether. (Ill. $3.00 *net*)

Bolshevik Russia

has received high praise from *The Nation*, *The Survey*, *The New Republic*, but what is more significant, from such conservative organs as *The New York Tribune*, *The Review of Reviews*, and *The Chicago Daily News*, since it is without doubt the most impartial and unprejudiced survey of the Russian situation that has appeared.

"Not only the most authentic record that has yet appeared of the opening months of the second revolution, but some of the clearest and wisest words which have thus far been uttered about it."—*The Nation*. However BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA is a study of Bolshevist theory and practice rather than a mere description of events. ($2.50 *net*)

Attention Focuses on Mexico

again, and on L. J. de Bekker's THE PLOT AGAINST MEXICO. The amazing eagerness with which the American press for the most part plays up every "scare" rumor from below the border—welcomes the suggestion that Sonora be annexed—is given sinister significance by this book. Its contents should be presented to the attention of those who imagine Mexico incapable of working out her own destiny. (Ill. $2.00 *net*)

A. A. Milne's First Plays

(five comedies, just published in an attractive format) are not, says the author "the work of a professional writer, but the recreation of a (temporary) professional soldier." Most readers will find Mr. Milne's lightness and irresponsible gaiety of dialog delightful. He has much of the charm that is Barrie's, yet he is not an imitator of Barrie. ($2.00 *net*)

The Book of Marjorie

"Amid all the books that deal in maladjustments in family life, this simple, wholesome, humorous, optimistic—and nevertheless absolutely modern—epic comes as a refreshing and invigorating breeze. We need more books of this sort."—*The Survey*. ($1.50 *net*)

The Romantic Woman

(by Mary Borden) is a novel of Chicago Society, notable partly for the relentless and startling picture it paints of that *coterie*, but especially for a real literary and artistic value. At any rate it is enjoyable reading. ($2.00 *net*)

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of Revues and musical comedies. These products are analogous to others for which milliners have invented the dreadful word "Frenchy."

The trouble with Mr. Frank Wadleigh Chandler's useful and very learned book, "The Contemporary Drama of France,"[1] is its light-hearted neglect of such distinctions. He has read one thousand plays by two hundred and thirty authors. He gives as much space to Bernstein as to Hervieu and almost as much to Bataille as to Curel. He thinks that brassy melodrama "Le Marquis de Priola" "sternly tragic," and finds room for synopses of hundreds of plays which, to use his own description of "Le Voleur," afford "no criticism of life" and are "even highly improbable." Then why dwell on such a play? Because "as a bit of clever dramaturgy it has rarely been excelled." On the same principle Kistemaeckers is described as "a master of stagecraft." Mr. Chandler, in a word, exhibits that blank awe which strikes so many admirable academic minds among us at the mere sight of a hollow technical dexterity. The truth is, of course, that these masters of stagecraft do not enter the history of the drama except as background, contrasts, or curiosities, any more than the versifiers of the "smart" or comic press enter the history of poetry. All of these people may be regarded as clever craftsmen. All understand the application of technical processes to their particular ends. But ask poets or painters whether, in the memorable word of Lemaître, these craftsmen "exist" and come within the limits of criticism at all. Our professors of literature must, somehow, be persuaded to draw nearer to the living practice of the arts whose progress they would chronicle.

But to anyone familiar with its subject, Mr. Chandler's busy heaping of synopsis on synopsis and of name on name confirms the massive impression that the French drama has fallen upon evil days. Not one of the younger men shares the beautiful eloquence of Porto-Riche, the elegiac grace of Donnay, the high seriousness of Hervieu, or even the brilliant rhetorical fecundity of Rostand. Nor is there any creative experimentation within the art of the theater. The old, rigid, mechanical technique prevails. And since that technique cannot be used without a rearrangement of the material of life guided solely by the exigencies of external effectiveness, the monotony of the subject matter is overwhelming. The human triangles pass before us in an unending procession. Slight variations are infinite, the foundations and essential reactions are the same. There is indulgence, there is renunciation. But both seem mere gestures and quite rigid, and the richness and the burning tragedy of life are far to seek. The World War did not destroy the triangle. The triangle simply went to war. Bernstein wrote "L'Élévation" and "Bataille l'Amazon," and the lovers who err or were about to err are uplifted by sacrifice. They go and sin no more, while the offended spouses exhaust themselves with nobility and forgiveness and faith to the immortal dead. It is the very rhetoric of the emotions—false and metallic. One turns, with warm relief, to the more natural and Gallic gusto and gaiety of Feydeau's "On purge Bébé" and "Mais n'te promène donc pas toute nue!"

The great spirits and the great artists of modern France—the sage and stylist Anatole France, the novelist and humanitarian Romain Rolland, the poet Henri de Régnier—have stood aloof from the theater of their country. For that theater is, despite exceptions and interludes, the theater of the boulevards, harsh, shallow, and turbulent. It has not followed the sober veracity of Henri Becque; it has, uninfluenced by the repeated attempts of gifted poets, found no home within itself for the realities of the soul. To succeed in it has been, commonly, to be corrupted by it. There is Henri Bataille. He commenced his literary career as a poet and wrote "La Chambre blanche." The verses are of an exquisite spiritual delicacy and are full of the strange loveliness and twilight glimmer that common things and experiences take on in the imagination of childhood and adolescence. Their music is soft and wavering as the notes of a violin heard across fields at dusk. Then he turned to the stage, and, after tentative plays of a poetic character, produced "L'Enchantement," "Le Masque," and the widely discussed "Maman Colibri." The dreary adulteries of dreary people had become his sole preoccupation. And these characters do not come into conflict with society or the state or others in the pursuit of inner freedom or at the urge of any creative force. Hence the final act can never end with an inherent triumph or defeat, but must always be built about some shocking absurdity of plot or motivation. It is precisely the glib craftsmanship of which Mr. Chandler makes so much that is responsible for such a condition of the drama. The French playwrights neither dominate nor re-create the stage to their uses. They serve it and are ensnared by its supposed conventions and laws.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

[1] *The Contemporary Drama of France.* By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. Little, Brown and Company.

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International Relations Section

Why Peace Without Victory Failed

THE following story of the secret peace negotiations conducted by Prince Sixtus of Bourbon and Parma in the spring of 1917 is abridged from *L'Opinion* (Paris) of January 3, 10, and 17, 1920.

The documents include autograph letters from Emperor Charles of Austria, and notes made at the time of conversations with President Poincaré of France, Premier Ribot, M. Jules Cambon, secretary general of the French Foreign Office, Mr. Lloyd George, and in Switzerland with Count Erdoedy, envoy of the Austrian Emperor, and at Laxenburg, near Vienna, with the Emperor Charles and his Prime Minister, Count Czernin.

The Princes Sixtus and Xavier, brothers of Zita, Empress of Austria, left Austria at the beginning of the war to return to France. They attempted to enlist in the French army but were prevented by the law excluding princes of royal families. They then attempted to enlist in the British army, again in vain, and finally became junior lieutenants in the Belgian artillery.

The First Trip to Switzerland

Late in December the princes received a letter from their mother asking them to meet her in Switzerland. At the same time the Queen of the Belgians received a letter asking her to urge the princes to go. Accordingly they spent Christmas Eve with the Belgian king and queen, and were authorized to leave the front and go to Switzerland. They returned to the front, leaving again on January 23, spent five days in Paris, and left for Switzerland, armed with the following special pass from the French Prime Minister:

Ministry of Foreign Affairs

Protocol. Good for round trip. To be returned to the frontier authorities on reentering France.

The President of the Council, Minister of Foreign Affairs [M. Briand, then Premier], has the honor to recommend to the authorities at Pontarlier and at the Italian frontier their Royal Highnesses the Princes Sixtus and Xavier of Bourbon, who are going to Switzerland and Italy, and will return shortly; they are accompanied by M. Charles Solomon.

For the Minister, by his authorization,
The Minister Plenipotentiary, Chief of the Service of Protocol,
R. William Martin.

The princes had similar special passes on their later trips when they went beyond Switzerland to Austria.

The princes met their mother at the prearranged rendezvous in Switzerland on January 29. Prince Sixtus's notes of their interview read:

My mother, accompanied by my sister Maria Antonia, had arrived two days earlier in the strictest incognito. My mother explained to us the Emperor's desire to see us to discuss peace directly. Everything had been arranged to take us to Vienna with the greatest secrecy. The colonel commanding the police at the frontier had received the Emperor's order to take us to him by automobile.

Absolute secrecy had been maintained regarding this project. If, however, it was impossible for us, the Emperor was ready to send a confidant of his to Switzerland to communicate his views to us. We considered that this latter solution alone was possible and that we could not go even so far without informing Paris.

Furthermore, to avoid suspicion, we should carry out our proposed trip to Italy, planned three months before, to attend to business affairs concerning our property there, and about which the Italian government knew.

My mother insisted, in the Emperor's name, that things be hastened as much as possible. She gave us a letter from the Empress accompanied by a few words from the Emperor, in which she urged us both to help realize the desire for peace which the Emperor had conceived on mounting the throne. At this I imparted to my mother what I personally considered to be the fundamental preliminary conditions of peace for the Entente: Alsace and Lorraine as of 1814 to France, with no colonial or other compensation in exchange; Belgium restored and retaining the Congo; similarly Serbia, with Albania eventually added; finally, Constantinople to the Russians. If Austria could conclude a secret armistice with Russia on this basis, that would be a good preparation for the desired peace.

The Second Trip to Switzerland

The princes left Switzerland for their Italian estates on February 1, and returned to Paris on February 10. The next day the princes dined with M. Jules Cambon at the home of M. William Martin. M. Cambon remarked after dinner that this was the first time peace propositions had come from the Austrians. Hitherto only German propositions had reached the Allies: Constantinople and Bukovina to the Russians, Transylvania to the Rumanians, Russian and Austrian Poland to become an independent monarchy while German Poland remained Prussian, Serbia returned to the Serbs with Albania in addition, Trent and Trieste to Italy, no formal promise for France, and for Belgium vague promises not clearly excluding a sort of Germany supremacy. Such propositions were clearly an attempt to exploit at Austria's expense the Austrian desire for peace.

A draft convention was handed to Prince Sixtus—he does not say by whom—for submission to the Emperor through his envoy, on April 12, the morning of their departure. This draft, to be accepted by the Emperor, proposed an immediate armistice on all the Austrian fronts and discussion of peace terms on the following bases: (1) Austria not to oppose the return of Alsace-Lorraine, as of 1814, to France; (2) the same as regards complete restoration of Belgium, including the Congo, and free access to the sea for Antwerp if obtainable from Holland; (3) Austria's disinterestedness in the fate of Constantinople and the straits; (4) complete restoration of Serbia, including a free and sufficient access to the Adriatic.

Count Erdoedy, the Emperor's envoy, whom the princes met in Switzerland, declared that peace might be made on the following bases:

1. A secret armistice with Russia, on the basis of its disinterestedness in Constantinople.
2. Alsace-Lorraine.
3. Belgium restored.
4. The creation of a South Slav kingdom, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia, Albania, and Montenegro.

Prince Sixtus summarized the negotiations as follows:

He urges me to work actively to obtain such a peace. I reply that the growing difficulties with America greatly complicate the situation and that furthermore it seems to me that an action through diplomatic channels would have no chance of success because Italy and Germany would inevitably be interested in causing its failure. Austria need have no solicitude for Germany whose interests are quite different from hers, and who might well betray her. It would be better to make a decisive

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stroke to save the monarchy, placing Germany face to face with a *fait accompli*. Such a decisive stroke would result from an imperial rescript by which, while keeping up the appearance of friendship and alliance with Germany, Austria would offer peace to her enemies on the conditions indicated, with the exception of Serbia, which should be restored integrally, with the acquisition of an equitable access to the sea by the annexation of Albania. If, however, the Emperor does not feel strong enough to act thus openly and if he wishes to seek peace through diplomatic channels, I ask the envoy to bring back to me as quickly as possible the propositions on which such diplomatic action might begin in a preliminary fashion. I insist that the points already mentioned be clearly indicated.

The envoy notes these suggestions and departs for Vienna. Only the Emperor, the Empress, and my mother knew of this interview. Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, knew only that the Emperor had found a way of opening negotiations.

The envoy returned February 21. Meanwhile the Emperor had relieved the archduke Frederick by a very vigorous rescript of February 12, and on the thirteenth Kaiser William had come to Vienna, and, despite the toasts and compliments exchanged, the Emperor had refused to break with America, so that the Kaiser departed rather discontented. The envoy brought with him (1) a note in French, signed by him (the copy of this note in German was written by Count Czernin or at his dictation); (2) a secret verbal note written in German by the Emperor; (3) a note from my sister Maria Antonia, written at the dictation of the Emperor and accrediting his envoy; (4) two letters from the Empress; (5) a long letter from my mother containing several personal details coming from the Emperor.

Count Czernin's Note

1. The alliance between Austria-Hungary, Germany, Turkey, and Bulgaria is absolutely indissoluble. A separate peace for one of these states is out of the question.

2. Austria-Hungary has never dreamed of crushing Serbia. Nevertheless it is necessary to establish every guaranty that in future such political affairs as led to the murder of Serajevo shall be prevented.

3. If Germany should wish to renounce Alsace-Lorraine, Austria-Hungary naturally would not oppose it.

4. Belgium should be reestablished and indemnified by all the belligerents.

5. It is a great mistake to believe that Austria-Hungary is under Germany's political tutelage. On the other hand the opinion is general in Austria-Hungary that France is completely under the domination of England.

6. Similarly Austria-Hungary does not dream of crushing Rumania. Nevertheless she should keep this country as a pawn until she has obtained a guaranty of the complete integrity of the monarchy.

7. Austria-Hungary has publicly declared that she is waging only a defensive war and that her purpose will be attained as soon as she has obtained security for the free development of the monarchy.

8. There are no privileges for the different nationalities in Austria-Hungary. The Slavs always have the same rights as the Germans. People abroad are deceived about the feelings of the Slavs, who are faithful to the Emperor and to the empire.

The Emperor's Addenda

The secret personal note in the Emperor's own handwriting, consisting of addenda to the declaration prepared for his envoy by Count Czernin, read as follows:

add 3. We will support France and exercise pressure on Germany with all means.

add 4. We have the greatest sympathy for Belgium and we know that injustice has been done it. The Entente and we will indemnify the great damages.

add 5. We are absolutely not in Germany's hands; it was against Germany's will that we did not break with America. Our opinion has been that France is entirely under English influence.

add 7. Germany too.

add 8. No people has any privilege among us; the Slavs have equal rights; there is unity of all peoples and loyalty to the dynasty.

Our only purpose is to maintain the monarchy in its present frontiers.

M. Poincare's Comment

The princes returned to Paris March 5, and Prince Sixtus was received by President Poincaré that afternoon. The Prince read his memorandum of the negotiations in Switzerland, then presented first Count Czernin's memorandum, which the President regarded as "entirely insufficient," then the Emperor's addenda. The Prince reports the subsequent conversation as follows:

M. Poincare. The secret note gives a basis for discussion which the other does not. I will communicate the two notes to the Prime Minister tomorrow, making him promise to maintain absolute secrecy, and this is what I plan to do with them: to pass the imperial propositions on to our two principal allies, by personal letter to the Czar (I cannot use the telegraph for I have no cipher with the Czar), and in the same fashion to the King of England and to Mr. Lloyd George, who is a discreet man. But there is one point which seems to be the stumbling-block—Italy.

The President develops his ideas regarding Italy. Italy will ask a share which will not be small and France cannot make a separate peace with Austria without her. The President agrees with the Prince that Trieste cannot be put on a footing with Alsace-Lorraine. Anyway Italy did not declare war on Germany on April 26, 1915, as she had promised. She wished to recompense herself at the expense of France, but neither he, Poincaré, nor any French government, would ever admit that. Italy fears England, which exercises a sort of patronage over her. Nevertheless France ought to try, after the peace, to live on good terms with all her allies. While asking more territory, Italy is so uncertain of her ability to resist a new Austrian pressure that she recently asked the support of British and French troops; Cadorna is urgently demanding French troops. France has promised aid to Italy in conquering Trieste, but not to compensate by her own losses for gains which the Italians have been unable to make. We, France and her allies, have not guaranteed Trieste to Italy, therefore we can converse with Austria, and France has promised only one thing, not to make a separate peace. After all, the alliance is a reciprocal contract. I can have confidence only in the King and in Sonnino. Finally, the people want peace. Italian indiscretions to Germany are to be feared, which is not the case with England and Russia, especially Russia, the Czar being an autocrat and having great confidence in me.

At the suggestion of the Prince, the President added that the course to take would be the following: to obtain from Austria the four essential points, to communicate this result to England and to Russia secretly, and to see if a secret armistice could not be concluded. Russia is making war only for Constantinople, and England asks nothing of Austria, nor do we. France's interest is not only to maintain Austria but to increase it at the expense of Germany (Silesia or Bavaria). We will never make peace with Germany. . . .

The Prince had a second interview with M. Poincaré three days later, on March 8.

The President tells the Prince that he has seen M. Briand, and that he too considers the note quite insufficient, but that the oral comments containing a basis for formal propositions necessitate an exchange of views. The four points indicated are

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our conditions sine qua non with Austria but not with Germany. Besides these formal propositions we must know on what conditions an armistice can be brought about. This armistice should be on all the Austrian fronts. The very serious menace of an Austro-German attack on Italy necessitates this guaranty. . . . .

M. Poincaré planned that the princes should carry a personal note from him to the Russian Czar, but before the journey could be begun, the Russian revolution broke out. Prince Sixtus then made a new rendezvous with Count Erdoedy, preparing on March 17, before he left Paris, the following project of a note the acceptance of which by Austria would establish a basis for official negotiations:

1. Austria-Hungary, so far as she is concerned, recognizes the right of France to Alsace and Lorraine such as they were when France formerly possessed them; she will extend all her efforts to support France's demands in this sense.

2. Belgium should be restored to entire sovereignty, under the present dynasty, retaining all her African possessions, without prejudicing the indemnities she may receive for her losses.

3. Austria-Hungary has never dreamed of destroying Serbia. She declares her readiness to reestablish its sovereignty under the present dynasty. Furthermore, as a guaranty of her good will to that kingdom, and to assure it an equitable natural access to the Adriatic Sea, she is ready to give it the Albanian territory which she is now occupying. She is also disposed to insure friendly relations by large economic concessions.

4. Austria-Hungary proposes to enter into pourparlers with Russia on the basis of the disinterestedness of the monarchy in Constantinople, in exchange for the territories of the monarchy now occupied by Russian troops.

As soon as these propositions are accepted, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria declares his readiness to maintain his troops in their present positions in an attitude of expectancy, on condition that the enemy troops maintain the same attitude.

If the present agreement is signed by France and her allies, and if the German Empire, opposing it, summons Austria-Hungary to renounce it, France and her allies will immediately and with all their forces aid Austria-Hungary in resisting such a summons or a declaration of hostility by the German Empire.

The First Trip to Vienna

When the princes met Count Erdoedy at Geneva on March 19, he insisted that they accompany him to Vienna and see the Emperor personally. The Emperor feared, he said, that their travels might attract attention, and that negotiations could be hurried by personal conversation. The next evening the princes left for the Austrian frontier. Traveling part of the way by automobile, they reached Vienna March 22, passed the night at Count Erdoedy's home, and the next evening went with him to the Emperor's residence at Laxenburg. Prince Sixtus paints a dramatic picture of his entry; the automobile stopped in a corner of the park, and an old captain of the guard led them on foot past the sentinels and up through a side door to the Emperor's apartments. They conversed first of family affairs, then of Germany, agreeing that the Germans were in no mood for peace. The conversation turned to peace terms. The Prince reports:

The disappearance of the Czar weakens Russia for the present. "I do not believe," the Emperor says, "that the present government can last. Consequently, I am forced to reserve any reply regarding Constantinople." The Prince says that personally he is glad of it: before this revolution it was our duty to insist upon this essential Russian aspiration, but it was obviously in France's interest to maintain the Turkish domination at Constantinople, tempered of course by international guaranties. In general Austria should, later on, support France in the whole Oriental question, and France in return should aid in extending Austrian economic influence at the expense of Germany.

The Emperor continues: "As to Serbia, the only really vital question for the monarchy is the suppression of the secret societies which conduct revolutionary propaganda within the monarchy's borders. It is the unfortunate policy of recent years which has brought us where we are. Not long ago the Serbians were our friends, even our proteges; Austria saved them from the Bulgarian invasion. By misunderstandings, aggravated by diplomatic imbecilities, we have created at our doors a small but bothersome enemy. That must be changed. We are disposed to give Serbia large opportunities, with the entire Albanian coast as an outlet." The Emperor talks further of the indisputable value of the Serbian troops, then, turning to Rumania, expresses the opinion that the status quo ante bellum is the best solution. Suddenly he says: "Apropos of the Balkans, one of the Entente Powers is secretly conversing with Bulgaria. Bulgaria does not think the secret has leaked out. It has not much importance because all these dreams of empire in the East will have to end in the status quo or very nearly that." The Prince replies that for his part nothing could be more agreeable than this perspective of the maintenance of the Turk in Europe. . . .

The Prince touches upon the question of Belgium and the Congo. Being an officer in the Belgian army, it is his duty to insist particularly upon this subject. The Emperor shares the Prince's point of view completely.

Finally the Prince reaches the most difficult question, that of Italy. He tells the Emperor that he fears that it may be the point which will cause the whole venture to fail. . . . Painful as it may be to the Emperor, the Prince cannot but counsel him to content the Italians within the limits of justice. The Emperor replies that he has no personal pride: he will treat this question with the same serenity as other questions, but in dealing with the Italians directly at the start one would get nowhere. First of all France, England, and Russia must be determined to make peace with Austria, then one can meet to discuss the Italian demands and to seek to satisfy them. Austrian opinion and the justified desires of her people must also be considered. . . .

At this point Count Czernin was brought in—"tall, thin, and cold, in a frock coat," the Prince describes him. He remained twenty minutes. The conversation was "rather glacial." He did not express himself clearly at first, then said that "peace must be made at any price" and that as he did not believe the Germans would ever abandon Alsace-Lorraine, some time Austria must secure a divorce. The Prince said peace with Germany would be impossible until Alsace was returned and the German troops withdrawn to the right bank of the Rhine, and repeated his insistence upon the Alsace of 1814, "the Alsace of Louis XIV, with Sarrelouis and Landau, more complete than that of 1815 mutilated by Waterloo."

Czernin called on the princes at Count Erdoedy's Vienna residence on the next day; this time he was more cordial but still rather reticent.

A second visit to the Emperor followed. The Emperor handed Prince Sixtus an autograph letter, begging him to maintain absolute secrecy, saying that "an indiscretion would force him to send troops to the French front, which would be very painful to him and would hurt the negotiations." Then, Sixtus reports, "he talked at length of M. Poincaré in whom he had full confidence, whereas the French ministers inspired little confidence." The Emperor spoke hotly about Italy. . . .

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Emperor Charles's Autograph Letter to Sixtus

Laxenburg, March 24

. . . I beg you secretly and unofficially to inform M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, that I will support the just French claims to Alsace-Lorraine by all means, using all my personal influence with my allies. As to Belgium, it should be restored to full sovereignty, retaining all its African possessions, without prejudice to the indemnities which it may receive for the losses it has suffered. Serbia shall be restored to sovereignty, and, as a guaranty of our good will, we are disposed to insure her an equitable and natural access to the Adriatic Sea, as well as large economic concessions. On its part Austria-Hungary will ask as a preliminary and absolute condition that the Kingdom of Serbia shall suppress and cease all relations with all secret societies or groups whose political purpose is the breaking up of the monarchy, especially the "Narodna Obrana," and that it shall loyally and by all means in its power prevent all such agitation either in Serbia or outside its frontiers, and that it shall give such assurance under the guaranty of the Entente Powers. The events in Russia oblige me to reserve my ideas on this subject until a legal and definitive government shall have been established there. . . .

(Signed) Charles

Inter-Allied Negotiations

On his return to Paris, Prince Sixtus was again invited to call upon M. Poincaré. Meanwhile the Briand ministry had fallen; the Ribot cabinet succeeded it. M. Ribot was to have met with Sixtus and the President, but at the last moment was held up, and sent Jules Cambon. The Prince reports his conversation with M. Poincaré and M. Cambon as follows:

. . . The first point on which M. Poincaré and M. Cambon ask explanations is Constantinople. The Prince replies that the cession of Constantinople is no obstacle to Austria, but that on the one hand the Russian events and on the other the rumors of pourparlers between one of the Entente Powers and Turkey lead the Emperor to reserve decision for the moment. M. Poincaré and M. Cambon exchange glances, then M. Cambon remarks, "I was chatting yesterday with the Italian ambassador about the Entente projects regarding Turkey, and at the end of the conversation Marquis Salvago Raggi said to me, 'After all, what we have just said has little importance, for things will happen quite differently in the East.'"

. . . As to Belgium, there was full agreement, the word indemnity certainly covering rectifications of frontiers, especially Malmedy and other Walloon places. The Prince remarks that the occupation of Malmedy by the Belgians is absolutely necessary from a military point of view, the Germans having there their great camp of invasion. A long discussion follows on the Italian question. M. Cambon again develops his former idea regarding an exchange of the Trentino for Silesia. . . .

As to the transmission of this letter to England, M. Poincaré proposes writing to the King of England and summing up the Emperor's letter. The Prince suggests that he go to England himself to see the King and the responsible ministers. M. Cambon, and then M. Poincaré, agree to this. Public opinion in England as in France, says M. Poincaré, is generally favorable to Austria. The president of the Chamber (M. Paul Deschanel) is constantly asking me if we are not going to make peace with Austria soon.

The Prince observes . . . that the Emperor hopes in the future to follow the policy of horizontal alliance: Russia, France, England, and Austria; but the necessity for secrecy is greater than ever; an indiscretion would force the Emperor to give guaranties to Germany, guaranties which would probably take the form of Austrian regiments on the French front. M. Cambon remarks that from the diplomatic point of view this would be disastrous. . . .

In rising the Prince urgently requests M. Poincaré to save the Czar; only French intervention can be sure of success in Russia at this time. M. Poincaré says that he much desires to undertake it, that he is glad that the question comes up in the presence of M. Cambon. Some mode of action must be found. The King of Spain and the King of England have already intervened for the Czar, and France owes it to her oldest friend.

Prince Sixtus met M. Cambon again on April 6; it was understood that M. Ribot was to meet Mr. Lloyd George at Folkestone and would inform him of the negotiations. Following this interview the Prince was again invited, on April 12, to the Elysée Palace, meeting M. Poincaré and M. Ribot.

M. Poincaré, the Prince reports, explained that "M. Ribot had met Mr. Lloyd George at Folkestone the day before, April 11. He showed him the Emperor's letter, and the two ministers agreed that the negotiations with Austria should be continued and that absolute secrecy was indispensable. Mr. Lloyd George gave his word of honor; he would not speak of it to any of his ministerial colleagues and would say only a word to the King. . . ."

There followed a long discussion about methods of informing Italy of the negotiations without mentioning the Emperor. M. Ribot was to ask Sonnino to meet him at St. Jean-de-Maurienne "to discuss some military matter" and Lloyd George would join them. In conclusion, the Prince reports, M. Poincaré assures M. Ribot that "the Prince is as ardent as you or I in wishing the complete defeat of Germany. France must have not only the Alsace-Lorraine of 1814 but also considerable indemnities. The Prince adds that he goes farther than the President and considers that the entire left bank of the Rhine should be neutralized. The President replies, smiling, that one cannot always express one's full thoughts, and that his do not differ at all from those of the Prince."

On April 18 and again on April 20 Prince Sixtus had interviews with Mr. Lloyd George. What transpired at St. Jean-de-Maurienne was revealed in the second of these interviews.

Lloyd George. The fact that we could not tell Sonnino of the direct propositions of the Emperor made matters much harder. . . . Sonnino declared that having established the principle of the *terra irredenta* Italy could never conclude a separate peace with Austria without realizing her war aims. Furthermore, no government could last twenty-four hours if it proposed a white peace with Austria; it would be swept out by the people, who would make a revolution, drive out the King, and establish a republic upon the principle of war to the bitter end.

The Prince. What are Italy's demands?

Lloyd George. They are very large: the Trentino, Dalmatia, all the islands of the coast.

The Prince. And Trieste?

Lloyd George. Although Italy has a keen desire for Trieste, there is perhaps room for discussion about Trieste.

The Prince. Are all these conditions sine qua non?

Lloyd George. Yes.

Lloyd George. . . . If Austria really wants peace, she must make concessions—that is my personal opinion. Officially, we can only reply that there is nothing to negotiate. Do you believe that Austria will make concessions?

The Prince. I don't know at all. I can only have a personal opinion. I do not think that without considerable compensation she will agree to give up territory which her enemy has not conquered; but that is only an impression and may be wrong. We will soon know.

Lloyd George. . . . In the imperial letter which you were so good as to show me there is no question of Italy. Where would we find compensations for Austria? I can under-

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stand the feeling of the Austrians toward Italy, which, having been their ally, left them and joined us, but on the other hand Austria will have to come to it even if Russia is beaten. The support that we will get from the Americans will enable us to continue this war indefinitely. . . .

M. Cambon had a somewhat different impression of the Italian position. He thought that Trent and Trieste were conditions sine qua non, and that Istria and the Dalmatian islands were subjects for negotiation. It was his opinion that Austria should be given a part of Silesia at Germany's expense in return for concessions to Italy. He dictated to the Prince on April 22 a statement in reply to the Austrian communications.

"No proposition of peace with Austria can be considered without taking into account the views of the Italian government. The propositions which have been brought to our attention are silent regarding the Italian demands. It appears from the conversations at St. Jean-de-Maurienne that the Italian government is not disposed to abandon any of the conditions which it set upon entering the war. In these circumstances conversations which would only lead to certain failure cannot be entered upon. If, at any time under new circumstances, the Austrian government should consider that new efforts might be made toward a separate peace, it should take into account the Italian aspirations for Trieste no less than for the Trentino. The sentiments of sympathy which the Emperor has expressed for France and her armies have been much appreciated."

M. Cambon remarked that the war would not end until the following spring, and that his only fear was that the rear, which suffered more and more because of the war, might want to finish it some day. The conversation turned to Greece. The Prince remarked that in his opinion it would be a serious mistake to dethrone Constantine at that time because, by maintaining him, France would retain the possibility of paying herself and her allies, and perhaps some of her adversaries, with Greek territory. M. Cambon said that was exactly his opinion but that public opinion demanded Constantine's head because of the murder of French marines on December 1, 1916.

The Second Trip to Vienna

The two princes returned to Switzerland April 25. There they met Count Erdoedy, who, after conferring with them, returned to Vienna. He was back again at Neuchatel on May 4, bearing the news that meanwhile a separate offer of peace had been made by Italy.

A special envoy, an Italian colonel, had come from the Italian army headquarters to Berne about a week before the interview of St. Jean-de-Maurienne. He presented himself first to the German minister, then to the Austrian. He offered peace to Germany on condition that Austria should cede the Trentino alone, Gorizia and Monfalcone being left to Austria so that the Austrian railroad to Trieste should not pass under Italian fire. Only Aquileja would become Italian. This offer was caused by the general attitude of the Italian army, which had had enough of the war, and by fear of a revolution. Sonnino knew nothing of it. It was certain, nevertheless, that it was made in agreement with an important political party (Giolitti, Tittoni) and that it came from the King. Germany was urged to bring pressure to bear upon Austria to accept this proposal.

Peace had been proposed to Austria five times since 1915, especially from the Russian side. The Emperor had refused the Italian offer because he did not wish to double up on the present negotiations. Therefore, Italy was now seeking to gain more through England, which was impossible.

The Prince determined to go to Vienna once more to clear things up finally, and met the Emperor on May 8 in a secluded part of the imperial park. The Prince urged the necessity of early peace because "it was to be feared that the United States, which would have a preponderant voice in the Allied councils, would ignore Austria and maintain the thesis of the partitioning of Austria." The Emperor agreed, but thought that the heroism shown by the soldiers of the monarchy in defending Tyrolese soil required that it should not be ceded without compensation.

Where could such compensation be found? In Silesia or in the German colonies? That would be odious, it would be impolitic for the future. It would also be contrary to the very idea of compensation, for the compensation should be made by the country receiving territory from the monarchy.

The Prince suggested that an Italian colony might do it. Not Tripoli, too recent and sterile a colony, and too near to Italy. There remained Eritrea and Somaliland. This last particularly had a future and was unknown to the mass of the Italians. Its cession would not offend the people, and from the Austrian point of view the novelty of having land in Africa could not but please, especially in exchange for a band of irredentists and insupportable blusterers. Better the Negro than the irredentist.

Count Czernin then entered. He agreed that Austria's compensation must not be at the expense of Germany, and added that the status quo of the rest of the monarchy must be guaranteed. He expressed the hope that the next interview would be between professional diplomats. This time he was more open and more cordial than at the previous meetings. The Emperor agreed to write another letter and Count Czernin a memorandum. The Emperor's letter merely mentioned the Italian propositions, indicated that he was ready to cede the Trentino, and expressed hope for peace. Count Czernin's memorandum follows:

May 9, 1917

1. Austria-Hungary can cede no territory without compensation. It should be taken into consideration that for the monarchy no land can have the value of soil which has been watered by the blood of its soldiers.

2. Outside of this rectification of the frontier the integrity of the monarchy as at present constituted should be guaranteed by the Entente so that it should be assured when the general peace conference opens.

3. As soon as these two conditions (compensation for rectification of the frontier and guaranty of the integrity of the monarchy) have been accepted by the Entente, Austria-Hungary can conclude a separate peace with the Entente. Then only will she inform her present allies of the situation.

4. In any case Austria-Hungary is ready, as in the past, to carry on pourparlers with a view to the conclusion of an honorable peace with the Entente, as a preparation for a general and definitive peace.

The Failure of the Negotiations

Back at Paris, Prince Sixtus had another session, May 20, with President Poincaré and M. Ribot. Ribot had no confidence in the negotiations, did not trust the Austrian Emperor, and did not believe the story of the Italian negotiations in Switzerland.

President Poincaré thought that the question of compensations would be difficult "because Italy is fonder of taking than of giving." He did not think they would be ready to give up even Somaliland. M. Ribot thought the Serbians should have not only the Albanian coast, but Cattaro; he thought Rumania, too, "which entered the war only for the Allies," should have compensations; and while he thought General Porro, assistant chief of the Italian General Staff, capable of having sent an officer to Switzerland to try out the ground, he could not admit a possibility that Cadorna

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and the King should have done so. Furthermore, it would be impossible to lay down the cards on the proposition because that would be to play Giolitti's game against Sonnino. The solution was to discuss the matter with the King of Italy, and that would take time. M. Ribot thought there was "plenty of time." He opposed the Prince's proposed trip to England; "it would be dangerous," he said, "to talk with Mr. Lloyd George, who is too quick in his decisions."

Nevertheless, the Prince went to England, and talked with Lloyd George on May 23. Lloyd George thought Italy incapable of making peace for the Trentino alone, and could hardly believe that the King of Italy had acted behind Sonnino's back. But he arranged an interview with the King of England that afternoon.

The published documents give no indication of the substance of the conversation with King George. The Prince reports only his conversations with Lloyd George on the way to and from Buckingham Palace.

The negotiations were dropped. M. Cambon explained the end to Prince Sixtus on June 23, declaring:

M. Ribot's point of view has never changed. From the first he declared that without Italy no result could be had, and Italy is bothersome enough to France at the present moment. M. Sonnino's idea was to go to Parliament with his hands full, and that is why he wanted to arrange about Asia Minor and have the seizure of Albania an accomplished fact. . . . Lloyd George's first idea was to have the two kings and the French president meet, but Sonnino refused. He raised all sorts of difficulties. . . . England then proposed a meeting of the three premiers. Sonnino again objected. Meanwhile, the new Russian government proposed a solemn council to revise the war aims of the Allies. Messrs. Ribot and Lloyd George did not agree to this because such a proposition coming from the Russians might cause the worst difficulties. . . . As the attitude of the Russians, particularly their abandonment of the claim to Constantinople, creates a new situation, we are forced to revise our war aims somewhat. But this revision will be as we wish it and not as the Russians want it. . . .

There was to be a meeting of the heads of the three chief Allied governments July 10, when the Austrian question would inevitably come up. But the situation had changed. Italy had meanwhile attempted an offensive, and it had failed; there was no certainty that Austria would still hold to her previous offer. And there was no one influential in Entente circles who was determined to push the matter to a successful conclusion. The Prince returned to the Belgian front. The Austrian note of May 9 was never answered. Peace did not come for another year and a half.

Events of the Week

APRIL 27. The British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Cecil Harmsworth, announced in the House of Commons that the British government had expressed to Japan its disapproval of the methods used in 1919 to suppress the Korean protests against Japanese rule.

Iceland, the Republic of Georgia, San Marino, and Luxembourg have made application for membership in the League of Nations, thus calling attention to their independent statehood.

APRIL 28. An Associated Press dispatch from Vladivostok, dated April 22, reveals the new Japanese demands presented at the first session of the Russian-Japanese Commission for the liquidation of the events of April 4 and 5. It was asked by the Japanese that these demands be kept secret, but M. Vilensky, the special Soviet Commissioner, gave them out to the press. The most important point was the demand that all Russian armed forces, of whatever political party, evacuate a thirty-kilometer zone wherever Japanese troops are stationed in Siberia. The Russian reply includes an assurance of evacuation by the Russian forces after the Japanese forces have been withdrawn.

APRIL 29. The French government has agreed to deal directly with the Soviet authorities in the exchange of civil and military prisoners. French nationals who desire to leave Soviet territory, including Ukraine, and Russians wishing to be repatriated from France are to be turned over respectively to the French representatives and to the envoys of the People's Commissars at Odessa or the frontier stations in the Baltic countries. The People's Commissars may indicate which of the 22,000 Russians in France they prefer to have repatriated first. All 900 of the French nationals in Russia must be returned except those who express in writing their desire to remain.

APRIL 30. From Rio Janeiro it is reported that at the final session of the Congress of Workers of Brazil, resolutions were passed declaring sympathy with the Third Internationale.

MAY 1. It is reported from London that the Bolshevist forces have taken the port of Baku, in the center of an important petroleum field on the Caspian Sea. After receiving an ultimatum from the Bolsheviki on April 27, the Azerbaijan government resigned and the Azerbaijan Republic was recognized by the Bolshevists on the following day.

A Vienna dispatch via London reports that owing to the extremely high cost of production the daily paper, the *Morgen*, has been forced to suspend publication. Two days earlier the *Neue Tag* ceased publishing for the same reason. Daily papers are now officially limited to eight and ten pages, and evening editions of morning papers to two pages only.

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